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THE IRISH REBELLION

WHAT HAPPENED — AND WHY

BY

F. A. McKENZIE

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F. A. McKENZIE

London
C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.
Henrietta Street
1916

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PREFACE

THIS little book describes what I saw and learned in Dublin during the Easter rising of 1916.

Two representatives of the Canadian Press were chosen to visit Ireland while the fighting was on. I had the good fortune to be one of them. I have to thank the British Authorities for permission to move about freely in Dublin and to see things for myself.

For the opinions expressed in this book I alone am responsible. I would only ask my readers to believe that I have made a sincere attempt to see things as they are and to learn the truth of the causes lying behind them.

No Canadian familiar with the history of his own Dominion during the past two generations can regard the Irish situation with despair. In Canada racial and religious strife, the struggle of East and West, and the battles of the half-breeds against the Dominion Government have given way in a generation to unity. The next of kin to Louis Riel, executed as traitor, joined the Canadian Army to fight for the Empire. French Canadians rival the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists as soldiers in the trenches of Flanders. May what has come to pass in Canada soon be true in equal degree of Ireland.

F. A. McKENZIE.

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CONTENTS

PART ONE—SEED TIME

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	How it Began	9
II.	Dublin Castle in a New Rôle	22
III.	The Revolutionary Press	31
IV.	To Arms	35

PART TWO—HARVEST

I.	The Anniversary of Clontarf	47
II.	The Republic Declared	58
III.	The Soldiers Take a Hand	63
IV.	The City of the Dead	72
V.	The Corn in Full Ear	81
VI.	Sunday Evening	89
VII.	The Provinces Fail to Respond	97
VIII.	And Then?	103

APPENDICES

I.	The Sinn Fein Constitution	108
II.	The Proclamation of Independence	111

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PART I

SEED TIME

I

HOW IT BEGAN

THE uprising of the Sinn Fein on Easter, 1916, aroused astonishment and anger in England. The anger—often short-lived anger quickly replaced by pity—was inevitable. We had received a stab in the back from those we esteemed our friends and comrades at perhaps the most critical moment in the fate of the Empire. Men of our own land, men whose brothers were among the most gallant of our soldiers at the front, had tried to betray us to the enemy.

Astonishment was even greater than anger. "What is the reason for this?" the average Englishman asked. "We all know that Ireland had ancient wrongs. But surely we have done all in our power in years past to atone for them. England has spent millions in attempting to bring prosperity to the Irish countryman, and he was never so well off as to-day. The Home Rule Act only waits until the war is over to come into force. Why revolt now? What are Ireland's grievances? Above all, why start a revolution which any man of common sense must know could not possibly succeed, and could only bring great loss on the country?"

Why? It is our business to know why, and to understand so far as we can the point of view of the rebels, if we

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hope for the permanent settlement of Ireland. Here was a serious, elaborately organized and dangerous movement. The people who speak of it as a mad freak of a handful of hirelings and fanatics only show their ignorance or their inability to comprehend outstanding facts. The uprising collapsed as quickly as it did mainly because the vast majority of Irishmen were opposed to it. But to dismiss it as a thing of no more real importance than a street riot on a somewhat large and sustained scale is mere folly.

No attempted revolution, great or small, starts without predisposing causes. What were the predisposing causes here? The revolt found its support in Ireland itself mainly from three different classes of people: the old irreconcilables, the younger Intellectuals, and the Dublin labour group known as the Larkinites.

I

The irreconcilables, the men imbued with the ancient Fenian spirit, and with memories of the agrarian wars, were in themselves an insignificant group. They were well represented by Major McBride, who helped to form the Irish brigade against us in the Boer war, and who after the amnesty returned to Dublin and was rewarded by the Corporation of the City of Dublin with a comfortable and well-paid post. McBride might have claimed at least to his credit that he was no hypocrite. He never made any secret of his hatred for England. He went about the country preaching treason, open and unashamed. He fought recruiting for the British Army; he told how he and his comrades were never so happy and contented during the South African War as when pouring lead into the English enemy, and he gleefully in public meetings anticipated the time when he and his friends

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would be able to do the same in Ireland in co-operation with the Germans. McBride, T. J. Clarke, another ancient Fenian, and their cronies would have been powerless alone. But they were well in touch with the Irish revolutionary organizations in the United States, the organizations largely centring around the *Gaelic American* newspaper and the Clan na Gael. Once trouble was afoot they naturally joined in.

II

The second group, the Intellectuals, was a surprising contrast to the first. Here was a very unusual body of men, at the start idealists and dreamers, with some winning and attractive qualities. Their ranks included university professors, civil servants, and educationalists. Their campaign was an outcome of the Gaelic revival. A few enthusiastic scholars, Irish and German, set themselves to revive the Gaelic language, Gaelic literature, and Gaelic traditions. Prominent among them was John MacNeill—or Eoen MacNeill, as he preferred to call himself, professor of Irish in the National University. MacNeill took foremost part in organizing the men who were to fight against England, although he himself drew back at the last moment. Next came Professor Kuno Meyer, one of the foremost philologists of the world, a German by birth, and a passionate defender of Germany, whose influence in Dublin while Director of the School of Irish Learning there, in days preceding the war, did much to incline the intellectual group towards Germany.

One prominent figure among these Intellectuals, little known outside his own group but very influential within it, was Patrick H. Pearse, a man of letters, of delicate and fine sensibilities, a barrister, an Irish scholar, and above all profoundly religious. Pearse had striven to reform

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the world by education. He established a secondary school, St. Edna's, on what he considered the purest Gaelic lines, adopting methods which in many ways were singularly like those of the most famous modern educational reformers. It would not have done, however, to tell Pearse this, for he held that modernism in education was as grave a heresy as modernism in religion.

He was in some small measure a poet, a man immersed in the old poets and as unlike a typical revolutionary as one could well imagine. "I knew him well," wrote one Irishman after his death, "a big, shy boy who neither drank nor smoked, nor joined in our adventures nor took part in our debates. If one of the wits, who never failed in that company, let fall a jest too *risqué* over the coffee and the wine, Pearse would hurry away blushing."

Closely associated with him in his educational work was Thomas MacDonagh, a young playwright, of handsome presence and winning ways. His old friends must have been amazed, in the months before the uprising, to find MacDonagh writing not plays but Army orders, instructions about equipment, announcements about parades and drills. He had the courage of his convictions. He signed the Proclamation of Independence, and died for it. "This Easter is for the Irish volunteers," he wrote a few days before the uprising. "We should make it impressive. And it is not only Easter, it is the anniversary of Clontarf, April 23rd. In 1014 this day was Good Friday, this year it is the First of the Resurrection." For him, it was to be the straight road to the valley of Death.

Then there were the Plunketts, sons of the Director of the National Museum of Science and Art in Dublin. Their father was one of the leading living Academicians, honorary member of nearly every important academy in Europe, a foremost authority on archæology, painting, and sculpture,

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The development of this group of Intellectuals must rank as one of the most extraordinary incidents in the history of revolutions. These men were without personal grievances, hence they were all the more to be feared. The censor who seeks to explain their campaign as the outcome of an itch after German gold reveals nothing but his own lack of insight. They used German gold and American gold. But it was not greed of gain that urged them on. They became obsessed by one idea, the idea of an independent Ireland. They fed themselves on the literature of Irish revolt, on the old rebel songs, on the stories of '98. Gradually they came to see England as a monster battening on their country. I have tried, and tried with care, to find what real grievances they had. I have failed. They had a general belief that the supremacy of England had led to the oppression of Ireland and that an independent Ireland would mean a revival of glory, prosperity, and wealth.

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At first the Sinn Fein programme was mainly academic. Many English observers were inclined to welcome the League, despite its treasonable constitution, on the ground that anything which encouraged and stimulated individual enterprise in Ireland would be for good. But soon it became clear that the purpose of the men behind this organization was not only anti-English but also pro-German.

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CONTENTS

PART ONE—SEED TIME

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	How it Began	9
II.	Dublin Castle in a New Rôle	22
III.	The Revolutionary Press	31
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a monthly magazine, *The Irish Review*, a periodical admirably produced and conducted with great literary skill. Here the pro-German bias began to appear. It obtained strength from unexpected quarters. The French anti-clerical movement had antagonised a number of Irish clergy and also, strange as it may seem, many of the Irish Intellectuals, some of them far from clerical.

The question whether Ireland might not look to Germany as its saviour from England was discussed in the columns of *The Irish Review*, two years before the war broke out. In one article, printed in September, 1912, it was maintained that Ireland could obtain better terms from Germany than from England. A favourite theme was to contrast Alsace Lorraine, described as enjoying every kind of blessing and prosperity under German rule, with Ireland under the British. In July, 1913, *The Irish Review* contained a long contribution depicting the prospect of the conquest of Ireland by Germany, in case of war between Germany and England, as a potential blessing. The very geographical situation of Ireland, it declared, would alone ensure for her wise and able administration by her new rulers.

"In a score of ways," the article declared, "Ireland would stand to gain from the change of direction, of purpose, of intention, and I will add of inspiration and capacity in her newly imposed rulers." This German domination over Ireland would be only temporary. Ireland would soon by common assent be elected into an independent European state under international guarantees.

The poison was being sown. The men planning from Berlin the great blow soon to be struck at the British Empire were watching over the Dublin Intellectuals. The German hopes were high. Ulster was to rise in revolt.

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Of that they felt certain. Dublin was to rise against Ulster, and while England was fighting Germany the open wound of civil war in Ireland was to drain much of her life away.

III

Neither the old irreconcilables nor the group of Intellectuals afforded, however, the popular support necessary for an attempt at revolt. Something more was wanted, that would bring the adhesion of numbers of men. That something more was found, and was found from within. The social conditions of the working classes of Dublin were such at the time of the outbreak of war with Germany that many of them were in a mood to welcome anything that would promise them relief from their distress. The Dublin labourer was the worst paid and the worst housed worker in any large city in the Kingdom. His condition was—and at the time of writing is—a disgrace to Ireland and to the Empire.

This last sentence sounds, I am well aware, a mere extravagance. Unfortunately it is nothing but a statement of simple fact.

Every visitor to Dublin who has gone beyond the main streets, the parks, and the splendid quays has been impressed by the sight of the rags and misery of many of the people. But few casual visitors have opportunity of learning how widespread this misery is. In the days immediately following the revolt I visited many of these back streets. I am fortunately not compelled to rely upon my personal knowledge or upon chance descriptions to show the actual condition of the Dublin workers. In 1914 an official Blue Book was issued giving a report of a departmental Commission of the Local Government Board on this matter. A more appalling document has rarely

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appeared. One would have expected
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Dublin live in tenements or in small
houses. The tenements are as a wh
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human habitation, and incapable of be
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22·9 per cent of the population live
ments. Of these 12,042 families, co
persons, occupy one room each, giving
persons per room. A number of the
seven or eight rooms, and house betwe
souls in each house. One of these houses
74, and another 73. There is a large
No less than 1,560 cellars are occupied.

Many of these places are dens, not h
ments are entered by a common door w
rule, neither by day nor night. General
supply of the house is furnished by a
which is in the yard. Often enough the
frames or sashes in the landing window
places are small and open, unsuited for
conditions of filth described in the offi
appalling that I decline to repeat the det
general reading. These are the places i
cent of Dublin's labourers live.

The rents of these slums are extortio
figure is from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per week per

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appeared. One would have expected it to stir all Ireland. Apparently it did not cause even a ripple on the Liffey. Here are some of the facts.

About fifty per cent of the working-class families of Dublin live in tenements or in small second or third-class houses. The tenements are as a whole exceedingly old structures, originally built to accommodate one family, and in a more or less advanced state of decay. Second-class houses are those so decayed or so badly constructed as to be fast approaching the border-line of being unfit for human habitation. Third-class houses are unfit for human habitation, and incapable of being rendered fit for human habitation.

22·9 per cent of the population live in one-room tenements. Of these 12,042 families, consisting of 73,973 persons, occupy one room each, giving an average of 6·1 persons per room. A number of the tenements contain seven or eight rooms, and house between forty and fifty souls in each house. One of these houses holds 98, another 74, and another 73. There is a large cellar population. No less than 1,560 cellars are occupied.

Many of these places are dens, not houses. The tenements are entered by a common door which is shut, as a rule, neither by day nor night. Generally the only water supply of the house is furnished by a single water tap which is in the yard. Often enough there are no window-frames or sashes in the landing window places. The fire-places are small and open, unsuited for general use. The conditions of filth described in the official report are so appalling that I decline to repeat the details in a book for general reading. These are the places in which fifty per cent of Dublin's labourers live.

The rents of these slums are extortionate. The usual figure is from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per week per room, but some

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of the single rooms cost up to 10s. a week. A large number of heads of families earn less than 15s. a week. The official summary of the salaries of the heads of families showed that 5,604 earn not more than 15s. per week, 9,000 earn from 15s. to 20s. per week, 2,585 earn from 25s. to 30s., and 2,384 earn over 30s. The Commissioners stated that a large number of the labouring classes—van drivers, carters, messengers, and the like—earn not over 18s. a week. Only one final touch remains. Some of the properties unfit for human habitation are owned by aldermen of Dublin, who obtain special rebates in rates for them.

In 1910 serious unrest appeared among the Dublin labourers. Jim Larkin, an agitator with a very stormy record, took the lead and a series of strikes and riots followed up to 1913, which kept the whole city in a ferment and did great harm to trade. Many of Larkin's methods could not be defended, and I would be the last to try to defend them. Unfortunately, the policy of the employers was equally deplorable. They banded together, declared for a "fight to the finish," ostracised Larkin's Union, drove out every man belonging to it, fought Unionism on its own ground, and after a long battle, defeated it. They had little reason, however, had they known it, to rejoice over their victory, for the tactics and the drastic methods of the Dublin employers in 1913 prepared the ground for the revolt of 1916. The Union was crushed. The poor pay and the miserable conditions of the men remained.

Then came the war. One effect of the war was to send up prices of all foodstuffs. The Irish smallholder did well. His stock and his produce commanded figures undreamed of before. But the Dublin labourer found himself faced by conditions which meant practical starvation.

Dublin did not share to any extent in the abundance of

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war orders that came to so many other parts of the kingdom. Work was scarce, and unemployment common. Food was at war prices. Just before the uprising, the Ministry of Munitions arranged to send more orders to Ireland. It was then too late to avert the mischief.

Among Larkin's colleagues were two, in some ways very opposite characters, Jim Connolly and the Countess Markiewicz. Jim Connolly, formerly a clerk in Liverpool and then a labour organiser in Scotland, was Larkin's first lieutenant. He was a man with a genius for organization, and possessed very considerable intellectual gifts, as any who care to study his book on the labour movement in Ireland will discover. He was a convinced Syndicalist and a labour revolutionist. The Countess Markiewicz was an eccentric young Irishwoman, a member of an old family —the Gore-Booths—who had for a time in her youth thrown off her home control, gone to Paris to study art, and had made her way as best as she could there. In Paris she met and married a young Pole. The two returned to Dublin, where for a time she resumed her position in society. Then she threw herself vigorously into the Larkin propaganda. She was foremost in raising funds, in distributing relief, and in keeping the men together. She was in touch not alone with the Larkin group, but with the Intellectuals who gathered round *The Irish Review*. When war came the Count Markiewicz went to Russia to fight for his country; the Countess remained in Dublin. She and others of the labour leaders prepared for armed resistance against England.

When later Larkin left, Connolly more than took his place. In the months ahead Connolly was perhaps the most masterful figure in the revolutionary movement. Accustomed to command, strong, purposeful, determined, he moulded the poets and the playwrights, the dreamers

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and the fanatics, with resolute purpose. He had failed in labour war, now he would try war of another kind.

The Intellectuals, the labour men, and the old Fenian groups came together. Allies in Germany were planning to aid them from there. Devoy of the *Gaelic American* was working in co-operation with German-American groups to obtain supplies for them from across the Atlantic. The first steps in the rebellion were now taken.

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II

DUBLIN CASTLE IN A NEW RÔLE

THE physical force party found itself faced by difficulties which might well have appalled less sanguine men. The overwhelming majority of the Irish people were strongly opposed to its policy. The country, apart from the labouring population of Dublin and one or two centres, was prosperous. The small farmers, the backbone of the old agrarian war, now were men of some substance and did not want to risk all for nothing. There was, outside of the town labourers, no active provoking cause for revolt.

The outrages by the German armies against Catholics in Belgium had caused a revulsion of feeling among the clergy. Ireland had given many of her sons to the British Army. The Irish regiments were winning undying glory in more than one field, and Ireland was proud of them. The vast majority of the Irish in the Dominions, and a considerable proportion in the United States, were strongly in favour of England and her allies. To arouse a revolution without any general grievance upon which to base that revolution would seem a hopeless task. And it would have been, had the revolting elements been handled with moderate firmness.

Unfortunately Dublin Castle rule in all its lamentable history never showed out so badly as at this time. In the old days, the usual complaint against Dublin Castle was one of lack of sympathy and lack of understanding of the Irish. Now there was an excess of sympathy, but of the

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wrong kind. And there was a woeful lack of knowledge and lack of strength. Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary, was little fitted to handle the situation. Apparently, his main idea of governing was to avoid trouble. In the British Parliament he was noted as a conciliator. He sought to conciliate the Sinn Fein groups by ignoring them. To use an old phrase, he might as well have tried to conciliate a tiger in the Zoo by stroking the back of its cage.

At the beginning of the trouble the officials under him were taught in the plainest fashion the dangers awaiting them if they tried to enforce law over their Chief's head.

In July, 1914, an attempt was made to land arms at Howth for the new volunteer corps being raised as an answer to the volunteers in Ulster. Mr. Harrel, the Assistant-Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, sent a number of police and two companies of the King's Own Scottish Borderers to seize the arms. A fight ensued, the police using their truncheons and the volunteers, who had come for the weapons, using the butt ends of their rifles. When the soldiers marched back to Dublin they were hooted and stoned and so badly attacked that they had to fire upon the crowd. Three people were killed, and a number injured, while officers and soldiers had to be taken to hospital.

The affair aroused great indignation among the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Harrel was fiercely criticised. His chief, in place of supporting him, suspended him, and in an apologetic speech in the House of Commons attributed the whole trouble to Mr. Harrel's "breach of discretion and lack of insight." Other officials would have been blind indeed did they not realize the lesson of this.

The Volunteer movement, begun by the Nationalists as a result of happenings in Ulster, soon assumed very great importance. The Volunteers, after some internal

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struggles, split into two groups. The larger of these, the National Volunteers, worked in co-operation with the Nationalist group, and was loyal. Many of its officers and men joined the British regular forces, and when the time of civil fighting came National Volunteers turned out to assist the authorities. The other group, the Irish Volunteers, sometimes called the Sinn Fein Volunteers, was openly anti-British—its drills, its organization, and its equipment being all prepared with a view to fighting for the independence of Ireland. It had, working in co-operation with it, the Citizen Army, Mr. Connolly's labour fighting men, and some smaller forces, such as the Hibernian Rifles.

A systematic campaign against the Crown was now carried on. Irish-American agents with abundant funds at their disposal travelled throughout the country. Treason was preached. Recruiting was opposed. The King's uniform was insulted.

The Government showed some slight activity, but it seemed afraid to attempt a vital blow against either the Irish Volunteers or the real leaders of the Sinn Fein. Some of the Irish Volunteer organizers were expelled. There were a number of prosecutions for anti-recruiting speeches, but it was difficult, in many parts, to secure convictions. Some prosecutions failed because they were brought before openly disloyal magistrates or equally disloyal juries. Larkin's paper, *The Irish Worker*, was suppressed, only to be revived under another name. A secret press in the house of the Countess Markiewicz was seized and the extreme Sinn Fein organ, *Sinn Fein*, was stopped. But no action was attempted against the real leaders of the revolutionary movement, no attempt was made to disarm the open revolutionists, and no serious work was done to stay the wholesale circulation of seditious

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literature throughout the country. Mr. Birrell believed that such attempts would do more harm than good, that they would cause bloodshed, and might raise the very revolt they were intended to prevent. Events were to prove how fatally wrong he was.

Time after time the Sinn Fein met the greatest resistance, not from the authorities, but from the Nationalists. Thus at Carrickmore, in Co. Tyrone, early in January, 1916, the Sinn Feiners announced that a concert was to be held in the national school-house. A body of Nationalists arrived from the surrounding districts and a fight began. There was a strong force of police on the spot, but they could do little. A man shouted a Sinn Fein song in defiance. The Nationalists attacked with redoubled force and silenced him. The Sinn Feiners cheered for the Kaiser. The Nationalists counter-cheered for the Allies, for the King, and the police. A wild hullabuloo followed, and in the end the Sinn Feiners had to retire, and were escorted home under the protection of the police.

At Tullamore a small body of Sinn Feiners came into active conflict with the loyal population. The Sinn Feiners had made themselves very objectionable to the Nationalists. Things reached a head when some men of the 7th Battalion of the Leinster Regiment were leaving Tullamore and a number of the disloyal party came to the station to show their unfriendliness to Irishmen wearing the King's uniform. The crowd turned on the Sinn Feiners. On the following evening a hundred young fellows, carrying Union Jacks and singing loyal songs, paraded the town and finally surrounded the Sinn Fein quarters. Some ladies who were in the building were allowed to go. Then stone-throwing commenced, to which the Sinn Feiners replied with revolver shots. The few police on the scene at the time could do nothing. Reinforcements soon arrived. Police inspectors

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entered the building and declared that they would search the men for arms. The Sinn Feiners refused to allow this, and when the police attempted to carry out their search, they fired upon them. The police closed with them and after about thirty shots had been fired, captured four. The remaining ten escaped into the street, and here the mob handled them very roughly. One police officer was dangerously wounded in two places and a county inspector was also hit.

A number of shooting outrages were reported from Galway and from Co. Clare. Recruiting meetings were more and more interfered with and in some cases were broken up by force. Pro-Germanism was no longer the secret cult of a few in the south and west. In place after place men freely declared for the Kaiser.

The prosecution of Terence M'Sweeny, a teacher and organizer of the Sinn Fein at Cork, in February, 1916, was typical of many others. M'Sweeny was charged with making statements likely to cause disaffection and hostility to the Government, for declaring that he and his friends were fully armed and in a position to defy the Government, and with having in his possession a cipher adapted for secretly communicating naval or military news. A number of documents in M'Sweeny's handwriting and letters to him were produced of a very pro-German character. Evidence was given concerning a meeting in which he backed up his declaration that the people were now in a position to fight for their rights by holding up a bullet and declaring, "This is able to kill at a mile, or a mile and a half, and where that came from there are lots more."

The magistrates dismissed the first two charges, convicted M'Sweeny of possessing a cipher, and fined him a shilling. One of the magistrates, a party to this decision,

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speaking a day or two afterwards at a meeting, declared, "As long as we are bound up with that cursed Empire"—meaning England—"so long shall we be on the verge of starvation." When another case was brought up at the Cork police-court in the following week, the Crown solicitor called attention to this magistrate's words, and submitted that it would be inconsistent and improper for him to adjudicate. "I will sit here until I am informed by higher authorities than you that I have no right to sit here," the magistrate brazenly replied.

In Dublin itself the Irish Volunteers openly paraded night after night dressed in uniform and fully armed, and openly carried out all kinds of manœuvres, particularly operations connected with barricade work and street fighting. Great difficulty was experienced by the Sinn Fein organizers in obtaining arms, presumably because ammunition factories all over the world were fully engaged. The weapons were often of a most varied type. Many efforts were made to tamper with the loyalty of men of the Irish regiments. Some rifles were smuggled over from England.

The policy of the authorities continued to be to ignore the demonstrations of disloyalty and to check publicity being given to them. The Press was discouraged from saying anything about them. When the ostrich hid its head and could not see the lion waiting to attack it, it imagined that the danger was over. Many representations were made to Mr. Birrell and to the Under-Secretary, Sir Matthew Nathan, about what was going on. They were immovable. To attempt to suppress the disloyal movement would be, Mr. Birrell declared, a reckless and foolish act.

The Sinn Feiners, emboldened by their general immunity, now adopted a very defiant tone. They denounced the

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deportation of a few of their organizers as an outrage, and they openly threatened that if any attempt was made to disarm them they would fight. On March 28, 1916, they issued a mainfesto in which they stated that the Council of the Irish Volunteers wished to warn the public that the general tendency of the English was to force a highly dangerous situation. "None of the Irish Volunteers recognize, or will ever recognize, the right of the Government to disarm or to imprison their officers and men in any fashion." Dublin Castle regarded this manifesto as "bluff" and rebuked a Dublin newspaper which gave it publicity.

Warnings about the intention of the Sinn Feiners to start a revolution now came from the United States. One of the most notable of these was published in the *Chicago Citizen* of March 25th. The writer was Mr. Bernard McGillian, for many years a supporter of the Gaelic League. "From sources in which he places entire reliance the writer has learned that the beginning of the coming summer has been fixed upon as the time for an insurrection in Ireland." Mr. McGillian gave detailed facts in proof.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1916, the Sinn Fein had a full parade of the Irish Volunteers in the streets of Dublin. About two thousand men assembled, mostly uniformed in green, and in full marching order. They were divided into seven companies, the commandants being P. E. Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, Hobson, T. J. Sheehan, Delavera, Daly, Hunter, and Kent. The companies attended different churches, and then marched to College Green for manœuvres and march past. They contemptuously swept the police control of the streets on one side. Tram-drivers and others were ordered to stop, and the orders were backed up by a display of weapons. All traffic was suspended for over an hour while Professor MacNeill,

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President and Chief of Staff of the Irish Volunteers, accompanied by the Executive, inspected the men and watched their drill. Seditious literature was openly distributed among the crowds.

Thoughtful men watched these developments with the gravest anxiety. The general feeling of the well disposed was expressed by Mr. Justice Kenny at the opening of the Commission for the City of Dublin in the middle of April. He plainly declared from the bench that a propaganda of an openly seditious character, and one which seemed to set all authority at defiance, was being carried on. "We read in our daily papers of anti-recruiting meetings, of the seizure of seditious literature, of the police in the execution of their right of search being met and repulsed by men armed with rifle and bayonet; of street disturbances, in which firearms appear to be freely used, and you have in the public thoroughfares of this city what I regard as the most serious attempt to paralyse the recruiting movement, the display of large and attractive posters outside shop doors which must necessarily have a most mischievous and deterrent influence on certain classes of the population. I have seen these posters from time to time. No passer-by could fail to observe them. They purport to represent either the spirit or the contents of some weekly papers. One of these posters reads thus: 'England's Last Ditch'; another, 'Away with the Priests'; another, 'England's growing Hypocrisy'; another, 'The Pretence of the Realm Act,' and so on. Let me say, gentlemen, that I call attention to this matter because a continuance of this state of things must have a tendency to create incalculable mischief."

This protest had one immediate effect. The Dublin Corporation, to mark its indignation with the judge, refused to vote the police rate.

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The Irish Volunteers grew bolder and bolder. In April about 1,300 of them marched through the streets of Dublin one Sunday to demonstrate against the deportation of two of their organizers. As the parade was moving along the west side of St. Stephen's Green a driver of an outgoing tramcar tried to pass between two companies. He sounded his gong in warning, and a volunteer in uniform jumped off his bicycle and placed it in front of the tramcar. He put his hand upon the stock of his automatic pistol and invited the driver to come on.

A little thing in itself, but a little thing which showed the way events were tending.

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III

THE REVOLUTIONARY PRESS

WHEN *Sinn Fein*, the original organ of the separatists, was suppressed by the authorities, its place was taken by half a dozen other papers which openly, week by week, preached sedition, taught rebellion, or devoted themselves to the praise of Germany. Among these were *The Irish Volunteer*, *The Spark*, *Honesty*, *The Hibernian*, and *Nationality*. These papers were circulated freely and sold openly. In Dublin at least they could be bought in almost every newsagent's shop up to the beginning of the revolt. The police in different localities issued, early in 1916, warnings to newsagents against circulating seditious periodicals; these warnings were general, however, specified no papers, and had very little effect.

The most important of the separatist newspapers was *The Irish Volunteer*, edited by Professor MacNeill, and largely devoted to definite instructions in the art of guerilla warfare. Thus, for example, the issue of 22nd April, 1916, the Saturday before the rebellion broke out, gave careful instructions for ambuscades and street fighting that were used a few days later with deadly effect by the rebels. One article dealt with holding cross roads. It supposed that a half company, not very well armed—say, forty men with five rifles, twenty shot guns, fifteen pikes, and as many revolvers or automatics—had to hold off an enemy coming on one of three or four roads. The beginner was reminded that "shot guns loaded with the proper

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stuff are far from being farcical from a military point of view." Alas! Those of us who saw how the shot-guns were used in the following week knew this to be too true.

"Choose a high part of the wall; build up a footing and put sandbags on top with loop-holes between and under, or choose a part of a wall which is lower on one side than on the other. Know your left-hand shots and where to place them. For yourself, if you use a revolver or pistol with lance or bayonet, practise shooting with your left hand . . . keep open your lines of communication and retreat. Throw up barricades with trees, carts, stones, etc., in the road in front always on the right side of a bend, so as not to be visible to an enemy till he comes right up to it. Do not put men down behind it. Put them—the shot-gun men and pikemen—behind the hedges on the side of the road. . . . If the enemy is marching without protection you ought to be able to ambush him. If he has flankers you must line the hedges or walls branching off the road. If the column comes down the road hold your fire until it is well under fire; while it is thrown into confusion by fire let your pikemen charge through it and back; then another volley."

There is no question against whom these instructions were intended. They could only be employed against British troops, and they were used against them.

Another article dealt with guerilla warfare in France, showing how four hundred men, cut off from the main French forces, split themselves up into small parties, spread out wide over a large area, and kept up a guerilla campaign for some weeks right on the communications of a German army, ultimately escaping. There were careful directions for night operations and billeting. The four small pages of *The Irish Volunteer* were packed with practical instructions in civil war.

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The Spark, a very small four-page sheet, was mainly concerned with opposing recruiting, ridiculing England and all things British, and encouraging a full-blooded pro-German feeling. *Honesty* was much the same. One quotation from the contents of *Honesty* summarises these two.

> **Oh ! God of Justice, I pray you spurn**
> **The Irish worms, too base to turn,**
> **Who lie in the dirt at the tyrant's feet,**
> **Content if allowed to crawl and eat.**
> **Oh ! freeze the blood in the traitors' veins**
> **Who are forging for Ireland's feet new chains.**
> **Oh ! nurse the heart and strengthen the hand**
> **Of the true and bold who for freedom stand.**

The Hibernian, which ran to eight pages, was somewhat more elaborate. One article in the last issue told of the glory of the Hapsburgs' Campo Santo ; another dwelt on "the awful deeds committed by the pagan troops in the pay of England" ; a third denounced as a public scandal the report that the girders for the bells and chimes of a cathedral in Queenstown had come from Middlesbrough, England. Ireland's "Roll of Honour," a feature of the paper, contained a list of Irishmen who had been imprisoned, fined, arrested, or deported. "James Kerrigan, Glen Carr, Hamilton, for refusing to allow a foul-mouthed ruffian named O'Donnell, a Kitchener's Captain, to insult him was fined £1." The opening article was a denunciation of Mr. Justice Kenny for his judicial warning of the danger of sedition.

These are typical examples of the kind of printed matter freely circulated throughout Dublin, the south and west, during the months preceding the outbreak. Another paper still more dangerous was Connolly's organ, *The Workers' Republic*. The readers of these weeklies were taught to look upon the British as tyrants and dishonest oppressors.

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The Nationalists were held up to scorn as worse villains than the English. The crowning scorn of all was saved for men who joined the British Army. Germany was pictured as the friend and coming deliverer of Ireland. The people were told to arm, told how to arm, and how to use their arms. These papers were backed up by numbers of pamphlets and leaflets, all to the same effect. The authorities allowed a wholesale stream of poison to be poured over the country. The wonder is that the damage done by it was not more widespread.

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IV

TO ARMS

EARLY in April, 1916, it became evident to the inner circle of the Sinn Fein, the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, that the attempt at revolution, if it was to be made at all, must be made soon. The Irish-American organizations that had liberally helped with money and arms were convinced that this was the time to strike. A revolt in Ireland was needed to counteract the growing sympathy of the American people with the Allies, a sympathy daily becoming more dangerous to Germany. There were signs of restiveness in official circles, and the Sinn Feiners feared that the Dublin Castle authorities might soon begin to take real action against them. They had "pulled the wool over the eyes of the Western Britons," as they themselves expressed it, with great success, but the process of "fooling the Saxon" could not continue indefinitely.

Yet the Sinn Fein leaders might well hesitate, seeing how heavily the chances were against them. Some of them, with a sudden flash of common sense, did point out to their comrades the hopelessness of the endeavour. What was their position? Their ranks were small. The number of Irish Volunteers who had paraded on St. Patrick's Day was about two thousand. The recruits who had joined the force in Dublin since then amounted to a few hundreds. There were thirteen or fourteen thousand adherents in the country. A large number of the rank and file were not prepared to revolt.

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They had joined the Volunteers more as a lark than anything else. They were ready enough to demonstrate, to shout, or to awe tram-drivers or local policemen by a show of weapons, but they were hardly prepared for serious, sustained fighting against regular troops. Quite an appreciable number in ranks were mere boys. In addition there was the labour group, a much more grim collection of men, who scorned uniform and were ready enough to snipe or to attack unsuspecting foes from concealed positions. Their supporters were good at *réclame*. But their numbers from a fighting point of view were contemptibly small.

If the Sinn Fein was weak in numbers, it was still more weak in weapons. The Volunteers had a limited supply of rifles and sporting guns, not nearly enough to arm all the men in their ranks. These rifles and sporting guns were of the most varied types, mostly cast-off weapons of Continental armies. In one rebel centre alone fully twelve types of sporting guns and rifles were used—old big-game guns, Mauser sporting rifles, old Italian weapons, British Army rifles annexed from the soldiers on leave, rifles stolen from the National Volunteers, and the like. There was a much better stock of automatic pistols and revolvers—nearly all of American makes. The supply of ammunition was quite extensive, considering the circumstances, but much of it was of a kind unpermitted to be used in civilized war—sporting cartridges filled with heavy slugs and flat-nosed leaden big-game bullets that caused hideous wounds. Many of these cartridges were made in Dublin itself, or at least bore the names of Dublin makers on them.

In addition to these, hundreds of old-fashioned pikes had been dug out of hiding from the old Fenian days, or had been beaten into shape in country forges. There were

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also a number of home-made bayonets. Some of these that I saw would not fit the rifles and guns for which they were intended. A small quantity of bombs had been prepared. Here, again, bad workmanship made many useless. In one instance the rebels threw several of their bombs at the soldiers guarding Dublin Castle gate. The bombs failed to explode, owing to bad fusing. The soldiers picked them up, readjusted the fuses, and threw them back on the rebels with great effect. Promises had been given that an ample supply of modern rifles, ammunition, and machine guns and bombs would be sent from Germany. The only hope of the rebels for success was that their organization should be the mere skeleton for a general uprising. The Sinn Fein leaders undoubtedly expected that their propaganda had brought the people to such a state that they would rise en masse against the British when the call went forth.

Extravagant statements were supplied to American supporters of what would happen. Some were confident that the rebel army would have a force of fully 400,000 behind it. Thus Mr. Jeremiah O'Leary, president of the American Truth Society, an Irishman conspicuous in the pro-German propaganda in America, declared when news of the revolt reached New York that about 125,000 organized men and 250,000 more, who were not organized, could be depended upon to fight for Irish Independence.

The separatists were confident that the Irish regiments in the British Army would not fight against them, and would possibly fight for them. It takes no very vivid imagination to picture some of the old soldiers at the Curragh back from the Front drinking the whisky of the rebel agents, listening to their proposals, and fooling them to the top of their bent. The Irish regiments knew too well, however, what had been done to their comrades at

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Limburg, when prisoners in German hands, to help any pro-Germans. The rebels made many mistakes in their short campaign, but they made no mistake greater than in reckoning on the neutrality or support of the Irish regiments.

Not only were arms to be landed for the Irish, but the rebels confidently believed that a considerable German force would be brought to Tralee. They were told that a number of German submarines, parading the Irish Channel, would make it impossible for any supports to be sent to the British troops in Ireland. They believed it. This, to English people, may seem absurd. But the Irish rebels only believed what hundreds of thousands of German soldiers believe to-day. I was recently at a point of the British front in Flanders where a small group of German prisoners were captured after a successful raid. The German prisoners were told that they would be taken to England. They laughed in the faces of their guards. "You can't bluff us," replied one German who had evidently been to America and had acquired a colloquial knowledge of the language. "You know very well that no British ships can sail on the seas. Our submarines have driven them all out. You could not take us to England if you wanted to!"

The final effort to arouse the country began about the middle of April. A series of rumours of the most amazing kind spread over south and western Ireland. Holland, it was said, had declared war against England. The German Fleet, accompanied by a number of transports, had attacked our Fleet in the North Sea and sunk a number of our vessels. The United States had come to terms with Germany over the submarine question and was going to declare war with England because of the blockade.

Apart from these rumours concerning external affairs,

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a series of more dangerous reports concerning British intentions towards Ireland was carefully spread. England did not intend to give Ireland Home Rule. Conscription was about to be enforced in Ireland. When the secret session of Parliament was announced, the revolutionary agents told every peasant they could lay hold of what this thing meant. "Sure, what are they holding it behind closed doors for? It is to pass conscription for Ireland. Wouldn't you rather die fighting for your own country than to be killed fighting for the Saxons across the seas?" Forged documents were issued that the British troops had been given orders to molest the Catholic clergy.

One forgery was brought to light at a special meeting of the Dublin Corporation. Alderman Kelly, after a bitter attack upon Judge Kenny for his protest against disloyal agitation, declared that he had received from the Editor of *New Ireland* a copy of a portion of a document recently addressed to, and on the files of, Dublin Castle. "In view of the deliberate intention here revealed on the part of the Government," wrote the Editor of *New Ireland*, "to cause bloodshed in Ireland by an attack on the Irish Volunteers—a body formed in pre-war time—in a manner certain to provoke armed resistance, I appeal to you to use your influence, public and private, in whatever manner you may consider would best benefit this country." The document, said to be a translation from an official cipher, was as follows:

"The following precautionary measures have been sanctioned by the Irish Office on the recommendation of the General Officer Commanding the Forces in Ireland. All preparations will be made to put these measures in force immediately on receipt of an Order issued from the Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle, and signed by the Under-Secretary and the General Officer Commanding the Forces

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in Ireland. First, the following persons to be placed under arrest: All members of the Sinn Fein National Council, the Central Executive Irish Sinn Fein Volunteers, General Council Irish Sinn Fein Volunteers, County Board Irish Sinn Fein Volunteers, Executive Committee National Volunteers, Coisde Gnota Committees, Gaelic League (see list A 3 and 4 and supplementary list A 2). . . . Dublin Metropolitan Police and Royal Irish Constabulary forces in Dublin City will be confined to barracks under the direction of the Competent Military Authority. An order will be issued to inhabitants of city to remain in their houses until such time as the Competent Military Authority may otherwise direct or permit. Pickets chosen from units of Territorial Forces will be placed at all points marked on Maps 3 and 4. Accompanying mounted patrols will continuously visit all points and report every hour. The following premises will be occupied by adequate forces, and all necessary measures used without need of reference to Headquarters. First, premises known as Liberty Hall, Beresford Place; No. 2 Harcourt Street, Sinn Fein building; No. 2 Dawson Street, Headquarters Volunteers; No. 12 D'Olier Street, 'Nationality' Office; No. 25 Rutland Square, Gaelic League Office; No. 41 Rutland Square, Foresters' Hall; Sinn Fein Volunteers premises in city; all National Volunteer premises in the city; Trades Council premises, Capel Street, Surrey House, Leinster Road, Rathmines. THE FOLLOWING PREMISES WILL BE ISOLATED, AND ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO OR FROM PREVENTED: Premises known as Archbishop's House, Drumcondra, Mansion House, Dawson Street; No. 40 Herbert Park, Larkfield, Kimmage Road, Woodtown Park, Ballyboden; Saint Edna's College, Hermitage, Rathfarnham; and in addition premises in list 5 D (see Maps 3 and 4)."

"If this were true," said the Alderman, "he held that he had done a public service in drawing attention to it in order to prevent military operations being carried on in a city which he declared under God was the most peaceable in Europe."

The military authorities, immediately they heard of

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this, issued a statement declaring in the most emphatic and public fashion, that the document was an absolute fabrication from beginning to end, and that it did not contain a word of truth. The suggestion that the Archbishop's Palace, Drumcondra, would be isolated was obviously made to stir up religious prejudice. The military denial met in many quarters with open disbelief.

As the time approached for the outbreak of revolution a certain number of the leaders and rank and file of the Sinn Fein showed signs of wanting to draw back. What their motives were it is impossible to say. It would be ungenerous and probably unfair to charge them with personal cowardice, for the Irishman is very rarely a coward. Possibly the hopelessness of their endeavour came home to them ; possibly some feeling of compunction influenced them. But it was too late to stop now.

On April 20th a captured Wilson liner, sailing under the Norwegian colours and professing to be bound from Bergen to Genoa with timber, arrived off the Kerry coast. It was accompanied by a German submarine. The submarine contained arms for the Irish, 20,000 rifles—captured Russian weapons of the 1905 type—good, strong, and well-made, a million rounds of ammunition, ten machine guns, bombs and fire bombs. The submarine had three passengers, Sir Roger Casement, a man called Bailey, one of the very few Irish soldiers made prisoners by the Germans who had become a renegade, and Monteith, formerly an active Dublin organiser.

The party expected that they would be met, as the yacht containing arms was met at Howth Harbour, by the Volunteers in July, 1914. There was, however, no one to receive them. Something had clearly gone wrong with the rebels' plans. The three Irish were put off from the submarine in a collapsible boat, and left to reach land

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as best they could. The ship containing ammunition was stopped by a British sloop and ordered to accompany it to Queensland. Its crew sank it on the way, probably by exploding bombs. Then raised the German flag, as the ship was sinking, and surrendered themselves.

Casement and his companions landed in the early hours of Friday morning. The collapsible boat overturned in the surf and they had to wade ashore, wet to their middles. They had all the necessary stage effects for a dramatic entry, a large green flag, Mauser pistols, a flash lamp, a dagger, and the like. One can imagine the scene as they had pictured it, the stepping ashore of the deliverers of Ireland, the cheers of the crowds, the unfolding of the flag, and the proclamation of the Irish Republic. These three men, cold, wet, and alone, found the reality very different.

The whole incident contained many features difficult to explain. Why did the submarine not protect the ship carrying arms? Apparently it did not attempt so much as to fire a shot or launch a torpedo against the British sloop, and, more curiously still, the crew of the ship did not expect that it would come to their aid, or they would not have surrendered so quickly. Why were Casement and his men afforded no protection when landing? Possibly they had told their German friends that none would be needed. Possibly the German authorities were tired of the Irish revolutionists, and considered that their interests would be best served by clearing them out as summarily as they could. A few days before Casement's venture there had been a strict sifting and examination of the few Irish renegades in German hands. Why did these not accompany the party? A score of well-armed men would at least have been able to put up a fight against any police or coastguards in the neighbourhood. Maybe the Germans felt they could not trust the Irishmen who had agreed to

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help to form the Irish Brigade. Above all, where were the Irish rebels who should have been at Tralee to receive Sir Roger? Where were the local commandoes of Sinn Feiners? There are a hundred surmises about the cause of their absence. All that can be said at this stage is that they were not there.

According to the evidence given in later police-court proceedings, Bailey was sent back in the surf two or three times to bring the pistols, ammunition, flag, and other accessories ashore. Then came a further act of madness from the rebels' point of view—the party resolved to bury their weapons and ammunition in the sand and Monteith and Bailey were to walk to Tralee, to get in touch with the revolutionists. Casement moved off to a so-called "fort," an excavation affording a good hiding-place. At Tralee, Monteith and Bailey found some friends, who were evidently greatly surprised by their arrival. Four young Irishmen tore off in a motor-car to inform others. They went along the sea coast, ran into the tide, and three were drowned.

Meanwhile the arrival of the party had not gone unobserved. A fisherman noticed lights at sea, a farmer discovered the collapsible boat, which had not even been completely emptied of arms, footprints on the sands showed the way the men had gone, and in the end Casement was quietly captured in the "fort," without making any attempt at resistance, and Bailey was arrested by a policeman while waiting alone to see what would happen. To describe the affair as a fiasco seems inadequate. Some stronger term is wanted.

Two men—Mr. Austin Stack, of Tralee, and Mr. Cornelius Collins, a Dublin Post Office official—were arrested at Tralee on Good Friday night. The Sinn Fein Volunteers of Tralee now had a special mobilisation, met together at

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their headquarters, armed and posted sentries. They were twenty-four hours too late. Sir Roger Casement was already away and the weapons from Germany were at the bottom of the sea.

The revolutionary leaders in Dublin met in conference on Good Friday. Their ranks were seriously divided. One section was strongly opposed to an immediate rising. The extremists refused to listen to them. A great parade of the Volunteers had been called for Easter Monday, with arms, equipment, and rations for two or three days. The Fairyhouse races were on, and the crowds there would contain many Army officers, police superintendents, and high officials. Many of the troops from the barracks would be on leave. Mr. Birrell was in England, it was reported that the Lord-Lieutenant was going away, and the General in command of the British forces would be absent. Above all, Germany had promised to strike now. German transports—so they believed—were on the way with troops, German submarines were waiting in the Irish Sea, the Germans were about to make a simultaneous attack on the British front, and their ships were raiding the British coast. A Zeppelin campaign was planned that would keep England busy during the next week. It was now or never. To arms!

What were the British authorities doing? The great panacea—the Holloway's pill, the cure-all of modern British statesmanship, was swallowed. SECRECY WAS OBSERVED. All news of Casement's arrest was suppressed. The soldiers went on leave, the Army officers prepared for the races, and various higher officials paid their usual Easter visits to England.

There is no more dangerous man in public affairs than the responsible head of a Government department with a fixed idea. The more powerful the man is intellectually—

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more particularly if he combines intellectual strength with a somewhat sluggish temperament—the more dangerous does he become, because the disciplined training of his brain helps him the more effectually to close his mind to fresh facts. Mr. Birrell had convinced himself that the Irish Volunteers were not to be feared and that to move against them would promote disaffection. The thing was settled. When people came to him with fresh evidence and fresh arguments, he received them courteously, listened to their representations, and convinced them of the honesty and sincerity of his own position. But argument with him was of little use. The thing was decided in his mind. I have yet to meet the man who questions Mr. Birrell's whole-hearted desire to serve Ireland. Alas! Something more than good intentions is necessary in statesmanship, and good, kindly, simple Mr. Birrell did more harm to Ireland by his misunderstanding of the situation than a generation can wipe out.

Late on Saturday Professor MacNeill took a bold course to stop the uprising. He practically defied his comrades by issuing through the Press a notice cancelling the mobilization order for Monday.

"*April* 22, 1916.

"Owing to the very critical position, all orders given to Irish Volunteers for to-morrow, Easter Sunday, are hereby rescinded, and no parades, marches, or other movements of Irish Volunteers will take place. Each individual Volunteer will obey the order strictly in every particular."

It was too late. Word was passed round that MacNeill's notice was to be ignored. On Easter Sunday a body of armed men forced their way into some quarries outside Dublin and seized large quantities of explosives which they transferred by motor-car to Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Labour Party. The telegraph line was cut near

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Maryborough and part of the railway line destroyed. There were minor outrages in other parts.

Still the authorities did nothing! I am wrong. They had a conference on Easter Monday morning to consider the steps they would take. And while they conferred the sound of a rifle rang out. The policeman at the Castle gates had been shot. The rebellion had begun!

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PART II

HARVEST

I

THE ANNIVERSARY OF CLONTARF

EASTER MONDAY was gloriously fine, and Dublin set out holiday making without a suspicion of what was in store for it. The Fairyhouse Meeting was being held and the Maiden Plate and the Irish Grand National were being run —the Fairyhouse Meeting, with its usual great crowd of officers from the Curragh, motor folk from as far north as Belfast and beyond, and, above all, the hearty, jolly Irish farmers. After the third race " Jim " Brindley, the famous old huntsman of the Ward Union Hunt, was to receive a presentation.

In Dublin itself, great crowds of people poured in from the country, and many had come over from London. The Spring Cattle Show was to be opened at Ball's Bridge on the morrow, a great event, made much of by Dublin society, and drawing buyers from all parts of the kingdom. There were many attractions at the theatres. The D'Oyly Carte Company was at the Gaiety; a play by Yeats was being shown at the Abbey Theatre; Kitty Francis was at the Theatre Royal and Madge Clifton at the Empire. If you wanted more violent sensations there was a picture theatre, with crimson-patched pictures of a great story of civil war and street fighting in some out-of-the-way part— Cuba, I think.

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Dublin had rarely looked fairer. Sackville Street and Grafton Street and the bridges were full of merry, moving throngs. There were a number of soldiers on leave, many from the front, some convalescents fresh from hospital, all without arms. Here were two Australians with marks of Gallipoli still on them, strolling leisurely along. Here was a Canadian, one of King Edward's Horse. Here were some Princess Pat's. Recruiting bills were prominently displayed on many public buildings, with messages from the clergy and the politicians telling the young Irishman his duty.

Note this party of men passing, thirty or forty of them, with a young clean-shaven fellow at their head. They were all dressed in green and armed. Your neighbour pointed them out with a half-indifferent manner. "They're Irish Volunteers, in from the country. They're going to have a parade to-day. That fellow at the head's Pearse, one of the Gaelic League men. Mahaffy wouldn't let him take part in a Trinity debate last autumn because he's a hot anti-recruiter." Had you been on the look-out, you might have seen other similar parties, and you might also have observed a number of countrymen, out of uniform, quietly making their way to Liberty Hall.

Shortly before twelve about three hundred men pressed through the crowd in Sackville Street, and poured into the General Post Office. In a moment all was confusion. The public buying stamps and sending telegrams found themselves bundled unceremoniously on one side. A young officer stepping inside discovered that a couple of men with fixed bayonets had made him a prisoner. The policeman was disarmed and bundled out. A number of officials on duty clearly knew what was coming, for they at once made common cause with the insurgents. Some men moved upstairs. Others went outside with a large poster.

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Colours were being displayed, the colours of the Sinn Fein group, white, orange, and green, and the Irish flag was hoisted from the roof. Boxes of ammunition and stacks of rifles appeared as though by magic. Some men were pulling tables to the windows; others were stuffing the lower parts of the windows with books, mail-bags, papers —anything they could find. Others again were systematically smashing every window pane—an obvious military precaution, to protect them from fragments of glass.

The crowd of holiday-makers gaped with astonishment. Some people laughed. "It's great doings we're having the morning," said they. They did not laugh long. Other men in green uniform were now at work in the street. They went up to the constables around the bridge, disarmed them, and packed them off. They drove the crowd in the street back with fixed bayonets. One Volunteer could be heard above cursing some people because they were not yet out of the Post Office. Uniformed men had already taken their place behind the barricades in the windows. They were sighting their rifles along the roadway. Another group had gone into the Imperial Hotel, just by, and had given the guests there five minutes to clear out. One resident begged to be allowed to go upstairs for a moment. He had securities worth several thousand pounds in his bag there. The rebel sentry bade him go to hell, and drove him out with his rifle. The man never saw bag or securities again.

The work was done systematically and had been carefully planned. Whilst some of the guards were driving the people off, others were at work in the telegraph and cable rooms cutting the internal wires and cables and, as they thought, completely isolating Dublin. Girls in green uniform were taking possession of one part of the building, arranging stocks of food there, and preparing accommodation for the wounded.

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A few cavalrymen, with a subaltern at their head, were riding back from the quay from escort duty. Their only arms seem to have been their lances. They were riding slowly, suspecting nothing. As the boy lieutenant turned the corner and came into view there was a sharp crack of a rifle from the Post Office and he suddenly threw up his arms and fell from his horse, shot. A corporal was behind, and the moment after as he came within range he too fell.

Other attacks were being simultaneously made on other parts of the city. Some railway stations were occupied, and railway communication was cut. The line to Kingstown was damaged and rails torn up; the railway to Belfast was made impossible south of Drogheda. All street traffic—trams, jaunting-cars and motors—was stopped as quickly as possible. Some motors were sent back, others were seized, and many traps and jaunting-cars were smashed up and used as barricades. A lady, accompanied by a man, driving to the Shelbourne Hotel was ordered to stop. The man refused. A rifle was pointed at him, she raised her arm to save him, and her arm was torn with a hideous wound. A nervous driver was told to go one way; in the excitement he turned his wheel wrong. He was promptly shot. People at first gathered curiously around the rebels. Very soon they began to shrink back, to send their wives and sweethearts home, and to follow them. This was no make-believe here.

A body of the rebels approached the outer gateway of Dublin Castle. A policeman was on duty there, a well-known character. He put up his hand to stop them. "Boys!" he said, "Go away with ye. You know this is not the place for you." Without a word one of the rebels raised his rifle and shot him. Sentries were standing at the gate, a very heavy structure, impossible to batter down.

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Had some of the rebels rushed for the open gate while the others fired at the policeman they must have got through. But they paused. Soldiers in Dublin Castle gave me an explanation of why they paused. They say that a prominent woman leader was with the party. As the policeman fell she stopped for a moment to spit in his face. The moment's grace gave the sentries time to call out the guard.

Another eye-witness, however, does not mention this. The office of the Dublin *Daily Mail* faces the Castle gates. The Editor of the *Mail*, Mr. H. S. Doig, was at his desk writing an article on the Shakespeare tercentenary when he heard the tramp of marching men past his window. "I stood up to look at them," he wrote, "and saw the opening scene, the shooting of the police constable and the attack on Dublin Castle. The poor constable was a familiar figure at the gate. I often saw him, as I looked out, and knew him as a kindly and courteous fellow, with a pat on the head for the little children who used to come and gaze in through the railings at the Viceroy's house. The Volunteers fired at him at four or five yards' range, and he died where he fell, and a devoted priest kneeling by him while the shots rang round him in the mad attack on the seat of the Government in Ireland."

This failure to take Dublin Castle was a bad blow for the rebels. Had they forced the gate they would have had the seat of Government in their hands; they would have gained enormously in prestige, and the arrival of troops from without would have been delayed for some hours at least. A telephone wire ran from Dublin Castle to the Curragh, the military camp twenty odd miles away in Kildare. After some delay messages were sent over to the camp telling of what had happened and asking for help.

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The Volunteers stormed the City Hall. "Stormed" is not quite the right word. In the City Hall, as in the Post Office, they had numerous sympathisers, who paved the way for them. A party with fixed bayonets took possession of the Dublin *Mail* and *Express* office, and smaller parties of men occupied houses around. The Castle gates entrance and the side of the City Hall is the meeting-place of four roads, and is one of the most commanding points in the city. Holding the streets here and the City Hall roof the rebels could sweep not only the Castle entrance but right over Grattan Bridge and Capel Street in one way and down to St. Stephen's Green on the other.

Another commando took possession of St. Stephen's Green and the College of Surgeons adjoining. The nurse-maids, children and pleasure-seekers sunning themselves in the gardens were summarily turned out. Four men, two of them soldiers, were made prisoners and bundled into the greenhouses. Some of the gates were crudely barricaded with park seats and the like. The Countess Markiewicz was second in command here. She was dressed in a man's uniform of green, with riding-breeches and soft felt hat. Those who saw her declare that she made a striking and handsome figure. From the rebel point of view it is a pity that she and her people had not spent their time studying military text-books in place of thinking out a becoming uniform. Some of the men began to dig trenches. Why they should dig trenches in a flat place commanded by lofty houses on four sides it is difficult to conceive. Some of the trenches that I saw were better fitted for comic opera than actual fighting. They were mainly composed of a ridge of hastily cut branches of bushes, with a sprinkling of earth over them. These ridges had one advantage, they enabled sharpshooters to lie behind unseen and to shoot down unarmed soldiers who were still in the streets,

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and unarmed officers strolling out of the Shelbourne Hotel after lunch.

This shooting down of unarmed soldiers without warning was a prominent feature of the opening proceedings. It was the meanest kind of murder, and destroyed at a blow much of the sympathy that might have been felt for men on a desperate endeavour. Let me say in common justice that most of the rebels had nothing to do with it. Some of them showed considerable kindness to soldiers in uniform they took prisoners. I have mentioned that four were taken in St. Stephen's Green. Among the rebels at this point were a number of uniformed girls doing auxiliary work. One of the prisoners was a young non-commissioned officer. "They're going to shoot us, old man, whatever we do," he said to one of his fellow-prisoners. "So we might as well have a good time while we can." He started chaffing the rebel girls, who were a little way off, cooking a meal. They replied with Irish spirit. Chaffing led on by degrees to kissing. The Countess, walking around soon afterwards to see that all was right, was horrified to find the young soldier with his arm around a girl's waist. She stormed at the girl and at all the others, and ordered the girls off to their duties. But in the hours that followed the girls crept back, one after another, with little dainties for their prisoners, and words of sympathy and good cheer.

Another company seized Jacob's Biscuit Factory, an enormous building, occupying almost the whole square, off Bishop Street. The flat roof, towering far above its neighbours, gave a commanding view of a very large part of the city. The position of the factory was admirable for the rebels. It is hemmed in by narrow streets, and it would be difficult to dislodge a comparatively small body of men from it without heavy loss.

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The Volunteers forced an entrance soon after noon. The place employs three thousand hands, but on Bank-holiday there were only a small number of men at work cleaning furnaces and preparing generally for next day. Some of the Volunteers ran up to the roof. Others ordered the workmen into the yard and made them stand against the wall. "I am very sorry to trouble you," said one Volunteer officer to a caretaker. "We're not sorry!" shouted another irritably. "This is war! The Irish Republic has been proclaimed! Stand up against the wall!" And he backed his command with a serviceable Mauser pistol. Shortly afterwards more men and motor-cars with boxes of ammunition arrived. The ammunition was taken out and distributed, and the Volunteers scattered on an evidently preconcerted plan throughout the buildings. They were accompanied like other parties by a group of girls, some of them quite young, who started making preparations for cooking and for nursing the wounded. One leader, apart from McBride, was a University professor and a number of the rank and file were the sons of professional men.

The rebels at once started putting the place in a state of defence. The lower floor windows were barricaded with whatever came most handy, sacks of flour, the covers of tubs, and the like. The workmen who had been kept prisoners in the yard were sent off. A couple of caretakers elected to remain. Holes were pierced in the outside walls from which snipers could pick off people in the streets. Other holes were cut in one or two walls to make intercommunication easier. Some desks were broken open and examined, and the panels of some doors were knocked in. But apart from this and from making use of the stocks of food on the premises no needless damage was done.

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The machinery was untouched, and no attempt was made on the strong room.

The sharpshooters at the windows tried to pick off soldiers walking along the roadways, soldiers walking quietly, not knowing that a rebellion had begun. One bullet, intended for a soldier, struck a girl and wounded her. Little groups were cowering in each doorway around by this time, and when the girl fell another Irish girl stepped out from the crowd to the front of the factory and denounced the men there with the utmost vigour of her Irish tongue as fools, cowards, and villains. She told them that they were madmen. Is it a-murtherin' o' me you're afther?" she demanded. "Murther me, you silly gossoons! Cowards! Shoot!"

The General Post Office was the headquarters of the rebels, with Liberty Hall, the trades union office facing Butt Bridge, as a branch station. Rivalling the Post Office in importance was the Four Courts, the stately headquarters of the law, facing King's Inn Quay. This building was easily seized on Monday, and was quickly placed in a formidable state of defence. Every window was well barricaded with law books, ancient and modern, and there are few better things for resisting a bullet than a row of books. Corner houses on the opposite side of the bridges were seized, and the position and its approaches well guarded. Some of the roads around were blocked by barbed wire. On others telephone poles were pulled down and the wires made into barricades. It was evident that save against artillery the Four Courts would be able to put up a serious defence. Some lawyers chuckled when they heard what the rebels were doing. "Glory be!" cried one of them. "All the old parchments will go, and we won't have to look up the ancient precedents any more."

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The various barracks around the city were attacked in mild fashion. Parties of concealed men unexpectedly opened fire on them. Generally their aim was so bad that they did little damage. Policemen were driven off the streets, and their barracks was harassed. One party of policemen and a superintendent were shut in a police station and besieged. They had nothing to eat except the skilly kept for prisoners. The rebels did not try to rush them, but were content to starve them out. They had two or three rifles and could have probably repulsed any assault. The police had to surrender on the Thursday, when they were allowed to go home.

The South Dublin Union was occupied. Boland's Mill, a high commanding building to the south-east, was rushed and occupied, and placed in a state of defence. Westland Road Station in the same direction was also taken. The whole of the Ringsend district around the docks and the gasworks and back right to Ball's Bridge became in the days ahead the centre of much of the most obstinate fighting, the men here holding out for several days after the main bodies had surrendered, and fighting hard to the last.

The general plan of campaign adopted by the rebel leaders showed considerable skill. Their scheme was to seize the main buildings in the city, to take possession of corner houses at different commanding points, where it would be possible to keep up rifle fire along two or more roads, to control the main bridges and to occupy the two chief food works, Boland's Mill and Jacob's Biscuit Factory, as commissariat centres. Their plans for the distribution of ammunition had been carefully elaborated and worked well. There was a Red Cross Service, and an ample supply of women helpers for cooking and similar work. The main failures on Monday were at Dublin Castle, at Trinity

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College, and the Bank of Ireland, where a small body of armed undergraduates drove the attacks off, and at the Magazine Fort inside Phœnix Park. This Magazine Fort, containing enormous supplies in its underground vaults, was apparently guarded by only a few soldiers. On Monday, about the time of the seizure of the General Post Office, several motor-cars full of men entered the Park and made for the Fort. They seized the sentry, who subsequently got away and was shot down while trying to sound an alarm, as was a son of the Commandant when trying to call help. They held up the guard, and cut the telephone wire. Some word was conveyed to the barracks near by and troops rushed up. The rebels attempted to set fire to the magazines, an almost incredibly wicked thing to do, for the explosion would have shattered half Dublin. They were driven off and the fire beaten out.

The rebel leaders calculated on the arrival of considerable reinforcements from the country, the adhesion of a large number of townspeople, the blocking of the Irish Sea by German submarines, and the landing of a German army. Had reinforcements arrived they might well have formed a ring of defences, using the great buildings they had seized as key points. It would then have been a work of much greater difficulty to drive them out. As they could not do this each of their centres became an isolated unit, unable to draw on the others for reinforcements or supports, once the British troops began their general attack.

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II

THE REPUBLIC DECLARED

THE Irish Republic was declared, as a sovereign independent State, at noon. The Proclamation of the Provisional Government to the people of Ireland was written in a strain of lofty enthusiasm. "In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old traditions of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom. . . . Supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first place on her own strength, she strikes with full confidence of victory."

Religious and civil liberty were promised, with equal rights and equal opportunities for all citizens. The signatories claimed the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman, placed their cause under the protection of God, invoked His blessing on their arms, and prayed that no one who served their cause would dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. The first name on the list of signatories was Thomas J. Clarke, an old Fenian, a ticket-of-leave man, who in recent years had kept a tobacconist's shop in Dublin, a shop well known as a centre for rebel sympathies. Several of the Intellectuals were included in the seven, notably Pearse, MacDonagh, and Joseph Plunkett. One name was specially remarked upon, James Connolly, the Labour leader. At least two names which all who knew the revolutionary movement expected to find there were absent. Pearse was appointed President

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of the Provisional Government and Commandant-in-Chief of the army of the Republic. James Connolly was Commandant General over the Dublin districts.

The Proclamation was cleverly worded to secure the adhesion of the Irish people generally. The high religious note, the enthusiasm, and the appeal to old memories might well, under other circumstances, have done their work. As it was, they fell completely flat. The people did not rise. The Republican forces, so far from growing greater, dwindled steadily from twelve hours after the rising. Many of the Volunteers had been called out for the Easter manœuvres without any warning of what was coming. They found themselves committed to fight for the Republic. The lads who marched into St. Stephen's Green or into the Four Courts on Monday morning soon realized that they were, whether they would or no, plunged into war. For the first few hours excitement buoyed them up. By early on Tuesday morning it became apparent that the Republican ranks were, in some centres at least, falling off. A number of Volunteers had not responded to the call of the "manœuvres" on Monday, suspecting that something too big for them might be on foot. A number of others took early opportunity of deserting. Reinforcements expected from the country did not arrive. Consequently the Republican lines between the different main positions were dangerously thin and could be easily broken.

Moreover, the people of Dublin had, from Monday afternoon on, a very convincing picture of what the uprising meant. Soon after the Proclamation of the Republic crowds of people from the lowest quarters of the city, realizing that the police control had been withdrawn, poured into Sackville Street. They cared little or nothing for the rifles of the rebels' army; their purpose was loot.

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Shop after shop in Sackville Street and Grafton Street and elsewhere was broken into. At first the people pillaged the shops that were thought to be English—fashionable costumiers, furriers, clothiers, and furniture firms were all sacked. Pianos were rolled along the streets to the slum quarters. Biddys in ancient rags and bare feet arrayed themselves in fur coats, silk wraps, and Paris hats. Soon, in Sackville Street and around, the looting became general. One large jeweller's at a corner of the street was swept bare; jewellery, gold watches, decorations, rings, pins were stolen to the value of scores of thousands of pounds! A week afterwards one could see girls stealthily showing their friends valuable rings or other pieces of jewellery concealed in the palms of their hands.

A sweet shop in North Earl Street was cleared, and boys and girls ran down the streets, their hands full of sweets of every kind, devouring them as quickly as they could. A public-house was in the line of destruction. Its doors and windows gave way before the crush, and men rushed in and helped themselves freely from the bottles and from the barrels. Soon the spirits did their work, and the looters, half drunken, wholly furious, started quarrelling with one another and belabouring one another with whisky bottles. In the hospitals of Dublin, open and busy that night, a good deal of the work was mending the broken wounds of looters who had fought one another, often with serious effect.

In Grafton Street the field of plunder was limited by the fact that some troops from the gates of Trinity were able to keep a check on part of the street. But at the end nearest St. Stephen's Green great damage was done. For days to come all kinds of luxuries could be bought in Dublin slums for a trifle. You could have a silver-fox fur for a shilling or two; a pair of hand-made boots for what you cared to

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give; and a gold watch for half a crown. The looters considered themselves seriously ill-used in one street because when they broke into a shoe shop they found that most of the boots would not fit them. This indiscriminate looting was not done by the organized Republicans, and in some cases they helped to keep back the looters. But while the rebels did not loot indiscriminately they did a considerable amount of what they called "requisitioning" of foodstuffs of all kinds from the hotels, provision stores, and restaurants in the neighbourhood of their stations. In many cases lists were kept of what was taken and receipts given and the tradesmen were assured that payment would be made by the Republic. In other cases payment was made with money taken from the stocks of cash found at the General Post Office.

The mob, after they had looted the places, now and then amused themselves by setting fire to them. On one occasion at least, when the fire brigade came up to attempt to extinguish the flames, it was ordered back by the rebels, and a loaded revolver held at the head of the driver as he was commanded to return. In another case, the engine was in the line of fire and several men were shot around it while it was at work. The sight of the flames and burning premises, the memories of the crowds throwing stocks of goods out of the windows to the outstretched hands and the yelling mob underneath, showed people too well what the regime of the Republic might mean.

The Republicans were, however, in high spirits on Monday night. They had secured most of the commanding positions in the city, and their leaders encouraged them with tidings that the German armies were already on the point of landing at Tralee, and that the German submarines were at work paralysing British shipping in the Irish Channel. "The populace of Dublin are plainly with

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the Republic," declared the first issue of the *War News* published by the Republicans early on Tuesday morning. "Officers and men are everywhere cheered as they march through the streets. The whole centre of the city is in the hands of the Republic, whose flag flies from the G.P.O."

But before the paper could be circulated the doom of the Republic had already been sealed, for the British Army, breaking through the barriers, was already at work surrounding, isolating, and beginning to drive the Republicans out from their different positions.

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III

THE SOLDIERS TAKE A HAND

THE authorities at Dublin Castle apparently failed at first to realize the full seriousness of the situation. The shot of the Sinn Feiner that broke up the leisurely conference of Sir Matthew Nathan and his subordinates at Dublin Castle was fired at noon. The troops at the Curragh were not called to arms, so far as I can learn, for some hours afterwards. One can imagine the scenes at the Castle, the attempts to communicate with Mr. Birrell—as usual in England—the hesitation over ignoring the "political considerations" which had for so long paralysed the Dublin Executive, and the pause to see if the police or the local military could not stem the rising.

Even when the military were summoned to the city, the position was far from satisfactory. There were very few troops available. Dublin itself had at the time a garrison of about a thousand effective men, mainly Lancers, Dublin Fusiliers, and Irish Rifles, with several barracks, magazines, and the Castle to guard. There were about 2500 troops available from the Curragh, twenty-three miles away, some could come from Athlone, and another 1000 could be had from Belfast.

Many officers and men were absent on leave. When the Adjutant-General had written shortly before suggesting that certain steps should be taken to meet the situation, Sir Matthew Nathan had replied that he did not believe

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the Volunteers meant insurrection, or that they had arms to make it formidable. It has been since asked why the Army was not better prepared for what happened? The answer of the soldiers naturally is that they are soldiers and not politicians, and that it is their business to fight and not to keep in touch with local politics. That is the work of the politicians.

The troops inside Dublin were busily engaged on Monday afternoon and evening. Their first aim was to clear the approaches to their barracks and to obtain command of bridges and important roads. At Portobello the rebels had seized a public-house overlooking the bridge and dominating the road to the barracks. A young officer returning quietly from the city was fired upon. His horse bolted towards the city, but he turned it, rode through the snipers, and gave the alarm. The troops were soon out. Taking cover, they riddled the public-house with bullets, stormed it, and cleared it—a good workmanlike job. They then advanced into the city towards Jacob's Factory. But it was quickly seen that they had a very different proposition here, which could not be tackled offhand in the same way.

Westwards, troops were holding the district around Phœnix Park, and were operating from there. A party of rebels took possession of the South Dublin Workhouse on Monday. They were attacked during the afternoon by the Royal Irish Regiment. Some of the troops secured an entrance into the workhouse grounds from the west, while others made a show against the rebels' front on the north and south gates. A score or more of the rebels were captured, and the remnant, still fighting determinedly, were driven into the Master's office and the board room, where they were surrounded.

In the north-east, in the direction of Clontarf, the troops

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met with a desperate resistance, and at first apparently failed to make any marked impression on the rebels. In the north of the city the Sinn Feiners barricaded Park Road and the Cabra Road, and they were temporarily allowed to remain there.

The Irish Rugby Union Volunteers, a company of the Corps of Veterans, had been for a route march on Easter Monday and were returning to their headquarters, Beggar's Bush Barracks, when news was brought of the outbreak. The officers in charge at once hurried their men into Dublin. The Veterans had rifles, but no ammunition. They found their way barred by the rebels, and when they tried to slip through they were fired upon. They divided. One of them, a Dublin solicitor, was killed. A part company marching along Haddington Road was suddenly fired upon by rebels occupying a corner house. Two volleys were poured into the little group before the Volunteers had realized the situation. Seven men fell wounded, and four of them subsequently died. A large part of the Veterans reached the barracks, where they were besieged for some days.

When word came to the Curragh of the position in Dublin, the troops there were immediately entrained and sent to the city. The railway between the Curragh and Dublin had been cut, so the last part of the journey had to be done on foot. The rebels had expected this, and had prepared ambuscades at different points along the main road, which caused much trouble and some loss. The soldiers forced their way through and hurried straight for Dublin Castle. One of the earliest bodies to arrive was part of a reserve cavalry brigade, including a number of men of King Edward's Horse, largely recruited from the Dominions.

The first task was to clear the gates of the Castle. A desperate fight took place around the City Hall. The

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Dublin Fusiliers, fired on from houses all around, rushed the courtyard behind the Hall, forced an entrance, and cleared the place at the point of the bayonet. Their losses, considering all things, were remarkably small, thanks to the atrociously bad shooting of the rebels. Time after time the Sinn Feiners firing at almost point-blank range missed their men.

All Monday night calls came in to the commanding officers at the Castle to send "thirty men and an officer" to this part and that. It was difficult in the darkness to discover what was really taking place in the city. One company went out to find out what was happening at St. Stephen's Green. From the reports that came in, prompt action was taken. A number of soldiers, with a machine gun, went to the roof of the Shelbourne Hotel, overlooking the Green. A great deal of sniping was going on from the rebels in houses around. The rebels in St. Stephen's Green, partly concealed by the green and the bushes, did not pay much attention to rifle fire, but when the machine gun opened out on them their leaders quickly realized that the Green was untenable. Their trenches were no shelter whatever against the machine-gun fire. The Green was evacuated, the Sinn Feiners retiring to the College of Surgeons, a very strong stone building at the corner of York Street.

The four prisoners, captured by the rebels in the Green, were left behind. Their position was far from cheerful. So long as they remained in the Green itself they were comparatively safe, except for stray bullets. But if they moved outside of it they were bound to come under the rebel fire. There was nothing to do but to wait. To add to the horror of their position one of the party of four went mad—violently mad. One soldier ventured out to try to get relief, and was shot through the arm before he had

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gone many steps. Eventually, on the Thursday, the little party reached safety under the shelter of the Red Cross.

One of the most desperate of the earlier fights took place on the Tuesday at the office of the *Mail* and *Express*. This building, which, as previously described, was seized by the rebels on Monday, immediately faced the City Hall. The Dublin Fusiliers led the attack here, and if the rebels still entertained any notion that their own countrymen in khaki would show hesitation in dealing with them they had full opportunity now to discover the truth. The troops around the Castle had been infuriated by one incident. Some of their men had fallen wounded in the street outside. A Red Cross party, trying to help them, had been fired on by the rebels at short range. I am bound to say that this incident was not typical; the rebels, as a rule, fully respected the Red Cross flag.

The Dublins, approaching the newspaper office by breaking through a neighbouring house and by keeping close to the wall, got within rushing distance. A number of other troops standing on the roof and standing at the windows of the City Hall poured a tremendous fusillade into the *Express* building. Simultaneously, skilled Army bombers threw bomb after bomb on the roof and into the windows of the building. Then the Dublins rushed. A mad, fierce fight followed, in the counting house, on the staircase, in the offices. The battle was neither short nor easy. The attackers were reinforced several times. No opportunity now to give or to ask for mercy. The rebels fought with their backs to the wall, with the utmost fierceness. They fought in vain. It was reported afterwards that twenty-six bodies of rebels were found in the building. I presume that whole bodies are meant. Apparently a number of the others who died must have been blown to pieces by the bombs.

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I wonder if the military authorities ever hesitated to call upon the Dublins or the southern or western Irish regiments to fight the rebels in Dublin! Apparently they did not, and they certainly had no reason to. The Irish regiments were the foremost in the fighting. All the regiments did well. Young soldiers hurried over from England, who had never seen a shot fired before, in anger, fought like veterans. Lads little more than recruits stood days of almost continuous street fighting, with little sleep and less food, in a way beyond praise. I make no attempt in these pages to minimize the courage of the rebels. They fought bravely, though often unskilfully, and their courage was the one redeeming feature of their rising. They showed no greater courage and no greater daring than the boys from England and from Ireland, young soldiers called as a matter of routine duty to fight men of their own speech and often of their own blood.

For the Irish regiments it was a hard test. Many a soldier knew well that probably his own brothers or close friends were in the rebel ranks. The story is told in Dublin to-day how one Fusilier, in a desperate rush, was about to bayonet a man whom he suddenly recognized to be his own brother. He paused—"Whisht, Tim, ye fool, run," he said, and the rebel, dropping his rifle, ran.

I saw something of the fighting of these Irish soldiers. I talked it over with more than one of them. Rifles and Guards and Fusiliers, men of Dublin, Connaught, and Munster, and many another part, they fought like heroes, and they fought without hesitation. In the days to come, when the Dublin uprising is little more than a memory, we will do well to bear in mind not only the rebels who fought us, but the Irish soldiers who so splendidly fought the rebels.

On Tuesday the Army began to make itself felt. But

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it was clear that the available forces were wholly inadequate for the work before them. The Holyhead boat from North Quay started on Monday night an hour or two before its usual time, it being uncertain whether, if the ship remained much longer on the Quay, it would be able to leave at all. Consequently, only a few passengers were aboard it, and they came into London on Tuesday with fearful tales, which lost nothing as they spread from mouth to mouth. The Government was very much in the dark, and the destruction of the telegraph wires made communication of every kind difficult. But as some idea was obtained of the gravity of the position, it was realized that this was no longer the time for hesitation. Orders were given that the uprising must be suppressed quickly at any cost, and soon the effects of this were seen. By Wednesday morning troops and supplies, hurried over from different parts of England, began to pour into Kingstown—guns, armoured cars, even a pontoon bridge, portable naval guns, nine-pounders, and eighteen-pounders. Martial law was declared, first for Dublin, then for all Ireland.

A little gunboat, on the Liffey, was called into service and did admirable work. On Wednesday morning Liberty Hall, opposite Ball's Bridge, the headquarters of the Connolly unionists, was attacked by shell fire. The gunboat co-operated with the troops. The rebels did not reply. They had abandoned the building. After the shelling, which did even more damage to a house just by Liberty Hall than to Liberty Hall itself, the troops stormed and took the place. The fall of Liberty Hall was described in England as an important event. Except for its moral effect, it was really of minor significance. The real strongholds of the rebels were elsewhere.

On Wednesday evening the Sherwood Foresters, the

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first of the regiments from England to reach the field of fighting, marched up from Kingstown to Dublin. It had to fight its way into the city.—The troops sent over in hot haste had to make their way as best they could. Their officers, with maps, picked out the route. The country from Kingstown to Dublin is for most of the way a prosperous and beautiful suburb, whose luxuriant and in some parts almost tropical gardens make the chance visitor think of the Riviera. The soldiers reached Ball's Bridge, a district of prosperous detached houses and large showgrounds. Here they were sniped at. A little further on, at Northumberland Road, they found themselves faced by a very strong rebel position, the rebels occupying stone and brick houses. The Sherwoods attacked time after time until, having obtained bombs and dynamite, they blew in the houses and schools held by the rebels. The Sherwoods paid a high price for their triumph, as was inevitable. They pushed on to other fighting, and before the rebellion was over they had lost 20 officers and 134 men killed and wounded.

Incidents like this could not, however, materially effect the main situation. The Army was gradually surrounding inner Dublin with a cordon. It held a line of strong points—Dublin Castle, Trinity College, the Custom House, and North Wall, which cut the rebels in two. The main rebel positions were each of them being isolated. Thus the force at Jacob's Factory, while able to move about the streets immediately surrounding it, could only go a very limited way. The men in the Four Courts were hemmed in, although they were striving desperately to find a way out. An attack had been opened upon the rebel headquarters at the General Post Office. The rebel leaders still cheered their men with the hope of relief from Germany. The German Army, they said, was soon to arrive. Some of the

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notebooks and letters recovered from dead rebels tell how much they counted upon this. But Germany had failed her Irish friends. There had been a hasty bombardment of Yarmouth, some Zeppelin raids over England, and an attack upon our lines in Flanders—but nothing more.

During the first part of the week people moved freely about Dublin, as freely, that is, as the firing would allow. Crowds assembled at every sheltered point to see what they could of the fighting. But as the fighting grew fiercer, the isolation more rigid, and the casualties to onlookers more numerous, the crowds gradually fell off. Then came orders to people to stay in their homes.

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IV

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

By Friday central Dublin was like the city of the dead. All the usual routine of life had ended and it was hard to believe that it had ever been. The bodies of many men, of horses, and of dogs killed in the fighting lay in the streets, bodies stark and staring, stiff-limbed and dreadfully silent. Many people, particularly in the houses facing the quays, had not been out of doors since Monday evening. They had remained crouching in what shelter they could obtain, often without food, not knowing what was coming. They were not necessarily cowards. Many who had ventured out had been shot. There was a servant girl killed whilst peeping out of a window; a publican shot dead while escaping with his wife and daughter from his house which had burst into flames; a boy shot as he rushed outside to give water to a soldier wounded in front of his door. One woman, sitting in her room in Grafton Street, was struck by three bullets, one piercing her lungs. Dozens of innocent civilians were shot in similar ways. The bullets were flying freely. Even in the shelter of the house one was not safe; but outside the danger was increased fifty-fold.

All traffic in the streets had ceased since Monday. Motor-cars, jaunting-cars, and wagons of every kind had disappeared. The only wheeled vehicles moving about central Dublin now were the guns being moved into position to do their work of death, the military supply wagons,

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or the Red Cross ambulances. The dreadful noise seemed to deafen men, the noise of the heavy guns, echoing through the streets, the rattle of machine-guns, the fusillade of the companies of riflemen, the ping of the shot-gun of the solitary sniper, and by no means least of all the explosion of bombs. The darkness of the night had been lit by the glare of burning buildings; the light of day was dulled by the smoke of incendiary fires.

There was a large number of visitors in Dublin who had come from England or from other parts of Ireland for Easter. Many staying in the hotels along the quays on the Monday had since been unable to get either in or out. In some cases the rebels planted themselves on the roofs of the hotels while the guests and servants were seeking shelter in the cellars underneath. Even when the rebels were swept out it was often impossible for the people to move up from the cellars. The soldiers served out rations of bread and meat through the wreckage. There were no shops open in the centre of the city. The milkman and the grocer, the butcher and the provision merchant, had closed their doors or had been looted of all they possessed. Outside the immediate line of fire, beyond the cordon of troops, some shopkeepers tried to keep open. It was necessary in many cases for the military to guard them to save them from the hungry crowds clamouring at their doors.

The very clocks on the public buildings had stopped because there was no one to wind them up. There were no postmen, and letters could be neither sent nor received. People within the city could not get news of their friends without, nor could they communicate with them in any way. There were no trains. There were no newspapers, and the place of the Press was taken by amazing rumours which swept from house to house, rumours varying from the total destruction of the British fleet to the landing of a

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German army corps at Tralee. Nothing was too absurd, nothing too far-fetched for rumour to echo that week, and in the hectic feverishness of Dublin's life the maddest and absurdest rumour seemed to be commonplace possibility. People might well think, as they looked around at their wrecked city, that after *this* had happened anything might happen.

There was no work—consequently no wages. The banks were closed, so no money could be obtained. The wife of the soldier at the front could not draw her separation allowance. Every factory was closed. No hammer sounded in the quayside workshops. Three thousand people were idle at Jacob's alone. No ships came into the wharves and no ships left, save small war vessels. The great army of dockside labourers was idle. The railways were paralysed and so porters and signalmen, guards and drivers, ate the bread of idleness at home. The clerks living out in the suburbs could not reach their offices if they wished, and had they made their way in they would have found the offices closed. There was no need for street cleaners; you cannot sweep up streets littered with corpses and swept by bullets. The jarvey was so pleased if his jaunting-car had escaped breaking up by the rebels that he ceased to grumble about not being able to ply for hire. The waiters and cooks in the restaurants waited and cooked no more. Often enough when a stranger crept up to an hotel door in a quiet street and asked for a meal the question was, "Have you brought any food with you?" Occasionally the people within did not trouble even to ask that. They banged the door in his face. The only callings that were busy were those of the doctor, the nurse, and the undertaker. In short, life during those brief fierce days was completely revolutionized. Dublin had a sample of real war conditions.

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If I return to the point of the shortage of food it is because it was the most important of all to many of the people. Even those who had money often could not buy, because there was nothing for them to buy. The fine generosity of the Irish character came out well here, and people who had supplies in their larders gathered their hungry neighbours in and shared their all with them. I know of one publican in a poor part of the town who housed a dozen of his neighbours and fed them during the worst days. He was typical of many others. Men driven desperate by the hunger of their children made all kinds of endeavours to reach where food was. Thus one man in a house in the firing line where it was impossible to move out of doors without being shot, finally set to work with an axe and forced his way through the roofs of the neighbouring houses to a house four or five doors down where there was something to be had.

The shopkeepers, alarmed by the stories of looting that reached their ears, secured heavy planks and fastened them to the pillars of their shop fronts with great iron rivets. They were willing enough to sell what they had—some of them sold bread to their neighbours at a halfpenny a loaf cheaper than the usual price, so long as they had bread to sell. But they did not want to be looted. And so they stuck notices in front of their doors, "This shop sold out." They barricaded their windows; they put their stocks in the cellars; and they waited behind the darkened panes, sometimes revolver in hand, sometimes with pitchforks, ready for the crowd.

Hunger grew in the back streets. Where fifty, sixty, or seventy people live in an eight-roomed house they can keep little reserves of food. Hunger drove the poorest to desperation. Now a horrible procession poured into the streets, mainly women and girls, shoeless, hatless, with

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filthy faces, with tangled, matted hair flying loosely wind, with dirty shapeless darkened dresses, whose o colour it was impossible to tell. They came out in streets in crowds, shouting, shrieking, yelling. Ther no police guarding the roadways. The military had enough to do in fighting the rebels. The mob th that it would have had all its own way.

Ordinary shutters were useless against this t They started with stones and sticks on the wood. a breach would be made, then the door would be f in, and after that the mob with one mad yell rush in. Woe betide the proprietor who tried to them. They would toss him and beat him and dow without mercy. Once they were in, nothing was Thus at one grocer's shop in the south-east of the cit crowd, after forcing an entry, first took all the food- they could, scurrying to their cellars with bags of s tins of biscuits, jams, anything. Some things they not take. Several women dragged a sack of rice int roadway. They had no means of carrying it away. tore it open. They yelled madly and started to around it. Then, catching hold of handfuls of rice threw them up in the air, laughing like mad folk.

When the shop was emptied of food-stuffs, the would start on the fittings and on the rooms Electric brackets, tills, counters, mirrors, all wou smashed. Upstairs they would go; out into the s would go the furniture. In one case a number of got together to carry off a grand piano. Nothing w small to destroy. Nothing was too big to try to Some of the houses that I saw after the looters had their will on them reminded me of the empty she penetrated eighteen months before in Belgium German Army had passed over a village.

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Please remember that these people were mad, mad with hunger, mad with misery, mad in many cases with grief. A spell of starvation had nerved many of them to . . . Their brothers and sons and husbands, only an hour before, knew not what had become of them, or how they were to meet their fate. In such a time as this the heart of man, or woman, never dare in cold blood. Just as in the Franco-Prussian War, Belleville showed us the form of the Communist, so in Dublin incredibly savage women and peaceful old men, dwellers of Dublin revealed, in their own persons, depths of daring and depravity. What did they care if they died? At least they would have had their fill first; enough for once to eat, drink and carry away some treasure to look at or have.

Three or four days after the rising the cold fit came on them. There is their whole story, evidence of their crime: the tins of biscuits, the stolen, the cloaking the loot, the meat, the sugar, and the like. Were not even the soldiers and military were making a search, from house to house seeking for loot. How were they to distinguish against them? Private and public property. Some had stolen not to sell, but to feed children; some had gone a-looting from what religion and conscience had left them to think that some of these provisions were the hour of their darkness a way of escape. Church. They put the dead under the They crept away down side streets to God, and there, kneeling in front of

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filthy faces, with tangled, matted hair flying loosely in the wind, with dirty shapeless darkened dresses, whose original colour it was impossible to tell. They came out into the streets in crowds, shouting, shrieking, yelling. There were no police guarding the roadways. The military had quite enough to do in fighting the rebels. The mob thought that it would have had all its own way.

Ordinary shutters were useless against this throng. They started with stones and sticks on the wood. Soon a breach would be made, then the door would be forced in, and after that the mob with one mad yell would rush in. Woe betide the proprietor who tried to stop them. They would toss him and beat him and down him without mercy. Once they were in, nothing was left. Thus at one grocer's shop in the south-east of the city, the crowd, after forcing an entry, first took all the food-stuffs they could, scurrying to their cellars with bags of sugar, tins of biscuits, jams, anything. Some things they could not take. Several women dragged a sack of rice into the roadway. They had no means of carrying it away. They tore it open. They yelled madly and started to caper around it. Then, catching hold of handfuls of rice, they threw them up in the air, laughing like mad folk.

When the shop was emptied of food-stuffs, the people would start on the fittings and on the rooms above. Electric brackets, tills, counters, mirrors, all would be smashed. Upstairs they would go; out into the streets would go the furniture. In one case a number of people got together to carry off a grand piano. Nothing was too small to destroy. Nothing was too big to try to steal. Some of the houses that I saw after the looters had wreaked their will on them reminded me of the empty shells I had penetrated eighteen months before in Belgium, after the German Army had passed over a village.

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Please remember that these people were mad, mad with hunger, mad with anxiety, mad in many cases with grief. A spell of starvation had nerved many of them up to this. Their brothers and sons had disappeared days ago and they knew not what had become of them, or they knew too well their fate. In such a time as this people do what they would never dare in cold blood. Just as the Frenchwomen of Belleville showed in the days of the Commune how incredibly savage women can become, so the starved slum dwellers of Dublin revealed, in these dark hours, undreamed-of depths of daring and degradation. What did it matter if they died? At least they would have had their fling first; enough for once to eat, heavy soft clothes to wear, some treasure to look on as their own.

Three or four days later, when the fighting was over, the cold fit came on them. There in their rooms stood the evidence of their crime: the tins of biscuits they had stolen, the clothing, the fine linen, the furs, the sack of sugar, and the like. Word had gone out that the police and military were making a search from house to house, seeking for loot. How were they to destroy the evidences against them? Picture their misery and their despair! Some had stolen not so much for themselves as for their children; some had done in a moment of fevered madness what religion and conscience told them was a crime. I like to think that some of these repentant souls found in this hour of their darkness a way of escape through their own Church. They put the loot under their ragged shawls. They crept away down side streets to the nearest House of God, and there, kneeling as though in prayer, they smuggled the loot under the seats in dark corners and slipped out, hoping none could see them. And many a priest and many a sacristan closed his eyes in pity that he might not see what was being done.

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There were no newspapers. No one, I fancy, who went through the Dublin outbreak would readily join in the common sneer against newspapers again. Now people began to discover what the absence of papers meant. As previously described, the office of the Dublin *Daily Express* was captured by the rebels on Easter Monday and recaptured next day by the military after a heavy fight. Although the machinery was uninjured the offices themselves were wrecked. *The Freeman's Journal*, the historic Nationalist paper of Dublin, fared worse still. Its offices adjoined the General Post Office, and its printing works were in Mid-Abbey Street. Both of these were right in the centre of the fighting. It was impossible for anyone to remain in them, and they were completely destroyed. Thus, I am afraid, passed away one of the most valuable collections of material for Irish history—the files and records of the Journal running back for 150 years. The *Independent* offices near the end of Middle Abbey Street had a remarkable escape.

The paper that kept going best of all was *The Irish Times*. Some of the staff lived on the premises, for it was almost impossible for them to move out. They managed, by going through underground cellars, to reach a restaurant further along the street where they could obtain food. On Tuesday only two papers appeared, *The Times* and the *Independent*. They were allowed to say nothing of the rebellion. I was not fortunate enough to get a copy of the *Independent* of that day. The copy of *The Times* was a curiosity in journalism. It consisted of six pages of the ordinary size, mainly made up of advertisements, and with one or two columns of what every practical newspaper man would recognize as stock matter. But there was quite a service of sporting news, a detailed account of the Fairy-house races, a report of a meeting on the previous day of

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the Irish Traders' Assistants' Association, a eulogistic article on the D'Oyly Carte Company, and a short leader on the Spring Show. The only thing to tell of the serious situation in the city was two boldly displayed Royal Proclamations on the editorial page and a brief announcement underneath.

The first Proclamation issued by the Lord-Lieutenant told that "certain evil-disposed persons and Association, with the intention of subverting the supremacy of the Crown in Ireland, have committed diverse acts of violence and have with deadly weapons attacked the forces of the Crown." It went on to call on all loyal and well-affected subjects of the Crown to aid in upholding the peace of the realm and as far as practicable to remain within their own homes so long as the dangerous conditions prevailed. The second Proclamation, which had been issued earlier, was much to the same effect, and announced that the sternest measures were being taken for the prompt suppression of existing disturbances. The paragraph underneath—the only news allowed to be published of the rebellion—was as follows:

"SEIN FEIN RISING IN DUBLIN

"Yesterday morning an insurrectionary rising took place in the city of Dublin. The authorities have taken active and energetic measures to cope with the situation. These measures are proceeding favourably.

"(In accordance with this official statement early and prompt action is anticipated.)"

The Irish Times came out again on the Wednesday and Thursday, it being the only paper published in Dublin on these days. On Friday and Saturday it would have been useless to publish it, for no one could come near its offices. It reappeared, however, on Monday, May

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1st, with the first real story of the fighting published in Dublin. Never did I know a newspaper welcomed so keenly on the streets. As the people heard the street sellers rushing down Westmorland Street and past Trinity with bundles fresh from the machines under their arms they knew that civilization was coming back again. What did it matter what boys asked for the copies? Very few who had money to give them grumbled at the price.

The supply of London papers and world news was entirely cut off from Dublin for over a week, although it was possible to secure London papers after a time outside the cordon. On Tuesday, May 2nd, I walked beyond the city in the direction of Kingstown, soon after ten in the morning, and was surprised to see some men walking along with that day's *Daily Mail* in their hands. "Where had they got it?" I asked. They pointed to a neighbouring newspaper shop. I rushed there, only to learn that I was too late. A limited supply of *Mails* and *Mirrors* had arrived, but the shopkeeper declared they were now all gone. A score of other people poured into the shop as I had done. I saw one copy under the counter and promptly offered sixpence for it. The woman in charge shook her head. She had passed her word to a customer to keep it for him and she must keep her word. Then I bribed her to let me see it, and a crowd of us leaning over the counter, devoured its contents. I am told that in the earlier days of the rising some newsagents outside the city who had one or two papers made quite a little profit by letting people come in and read them at a penny or twopence a time.

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V

THE CORN IN FULL EAR

On Thursday the military authorities announced that 10,000 troops were in the city. Further heavy reinforcements were arriving all the time. Sir John Maxwell, fresh from Egypt, had been appointed to chief command in Ireland; the whole country was under martial law, and he had plenary powers. The public were ordered, as far as possible, to remain in their houses. No one could move about without a military pass. Whole districts were closed to all traffic, and in these the net was being drawn tighter and tighter around the rebels.

Any person travelling from one street to another was held up at every turn, with a sudden challenge—"Halt! Take your hands out of your pockets. Have you a pass?" the sentry holding his rifle to the person as he challenged. Occasionally a nervous sentry would begin by levelling his rifle straight at your head. People remembered, however, that these sentries formed parts of regiments that had been sniped at for days together, and that they themselves knew that at any moment a sniper's bullet might take them. "I challenged a man last night for his pass," a boy sentry told me. "He answered that he had one. As he came up to me to show it, he suddenly jerked a revolver out of his pocket and tried to shoot me. I knocked him over with a bullet through his chest." Other sentries told similar tales. Occasionally they did not live to tell them, for the

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other man got his bullet in first. Everyone who entered the city was searched for arms, and every suspicious person was arrested.

The great difficulty of the military came not so much from the central groups of the rebels at the General Post Office, Four Courts, and elsewhere, as from the hundreds of men in civilian clothes. They would shoot from buildings in one street, bringing the military there, and before the military attack had developed they would clear off through cellars or over roofs elsewhere, to start the game again. When they were too hard pressed they would fling their rifles on one side, try to remove the stains of fighting, and pose as harmless civilians. Occasionally they massed on one point.

Thus, in the King Street area, close to where the Linen Hall Barracks was destroyed, and where the fighting was of the severest character as a large number of wrecked buildings subsequently showed, the rebels, in civilian clothes, fought while hidden in houses. For a time they kept the troops back here, and it took the hardest fighting for the soldiers to get a hold. Many complaints were made by people in this street against the troops for shooting innocent men. When civilians are firing on soldiers, and the soldiers are fighting their way with considerable loss from house to house, mistakes of this kind may happen. But the more likely thing to occur is that the man who has been firing on the soldiers will pose, as soon as he is cornered, as an innocent civilian and try to get away.

Street fighting is not done with kid gloves. There is no doubt whatever but that many innocent civilians were shot down by stray bullets or by accidentally coming into the line of fire. Possibly some quite innocent men were shot when houses where snipers were found were rushed. But the soldiers from first to last behaved with the greatest

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restraint and with fine discipline. They fought hard, as they had to, but the treatment of their prisoners was kindly, and their attitude towards the civil population was, so far as the civil population would allow, that of deliverers and not of foes.

It was not only men they had to meet. A number of women fought even more recklessly than men, and were particularly active in sniping. A number more used all the arts of their sex to pass through the military lines to take concealed ammunition or messages to their friends. Boys of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen fought as fiercely as women.

The greatest difficulty was found in rushing houses occupied by two or three snipers. While the troops were bursting in the front doors and forcing an entrance, the snipers from the windows above could pick them off. To prevent this, big motor-cars were covered with steel plate, affording protection against rifle fire. These cars full of troops would be smartly backed up against the door of a house holding snipers. The troops would break down the barricades under shelter of the armoured plate. The cars were a great success. Armoured cars became a feature of life in Dublin during the latter part of the week, armoured cars with machine guns, armoured cars for infantry with slits through them for rifle fire, and anti-sniper cars.

In district after district, where the rebels were making their stand, the military now carried out uniform tactics. Streets would be cleared of snipers, one after another. Houses to which the snipers flocked in numbers to make a stand would be shelled either by field artillery, from the river, or by portable naval guns. The military used bombs freely and with great effect. The rebels tried to make some use of bombs, filling canisters with explosives and with any

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metals they could obtain, such as, for example, linotype metal from printing works.

Where the rebels made a stand behind barricades, these barricades were systematically broken down. My own impression is that the rebel street barricades were of very little service to them. Many of them were poor affairs, and the strongest, at points which had to be forced, were broken down by a few shells. Large numbers of the barricades that I examined immediately after the fighting showed no signs of battle at all. Houses in all directions, however, with their riddled windows and their broken walls, showed where the real fighting had been.

The main aim of the military was to capture the General Post Office, where Pearse and Connolly were making their great stand. The military commanded Sackville Street from Trinity College with machine-gun fire and made it impossible for the rebels to move out into the street. Then they worked around from the Custom House, from the Rotunda, and from other sides, getting closer and closer. So long as it was a question of rifle against rifle, the rebels made a brave show, although losing heavily. But the soldiers were now fighting their way from house to house, breaking through party walls, hacking their way nearer to the rebel headquarters. And then artillery, working south of O'Connell Bridge, opened upon the Republicans.

It is hardly possible to picture the scene around the Post Office during the last two or three days. Several of the buildings adjoining and on the opposite side of the street were in flames. There had been fires in Sackville Street caused at the beginning by the looters. These had been largely extinguished, but on Thursday a fire broke out which soon grew beyond control. It started at the reserve printing office of a Dublin newspaper in Abbey Street, just behind the General Post Office. A great barricade of

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furniture and bales of printing paper had been built by the rebels across here. It caught fire and blazed furiously. The fire at the beginning probably originated from the shells now bursting all around. From here it spread from house to house, creating an enormous area of destruction. Newspaper offices, hotels, and business houses were devoured.

All day Friday the fires continued. It was difficult for firemen to do anything. In order to fight the flames effectually they would have had to stand at points where no man could live, because of the rain of bullets. On Friday the General Post Office itself burst into flames and the rebels, or most of them who could escape, were forced into some of the streets behind, soldiers picking off many of them as they tried to get away. The fire caught the great hotels, the Metropole on one side and the Imperial on the other. Almost the whole area of the east side of Sackville Street, from Eden Quay to Earl Street, was burnt down. Over fifty buildings in Sackville Street alone, including such magnificent blocks as the Metropole and Imperial hotels, disappeared. A large part of Henry Street was wiped out, Lower Abbey Street and Middle Abbey Street had little left of them but ruins, and street after street around shared in the destruction in only a lesser degree. As the flames spread, people living in some of the houses were in the greatest peril, and were only saved by some very gallant rescue work by the military.

Inside the Post Office itself high hopes gradually gave way to despair. The Germans had not come. The Irish Americans who were to land in their hundreds and thousands on the coast had failed. On Thursday Connolly, who showed all his best qualities in the hour of danger, was wounded twice and crippled. But he had his bed moved into the firing line so that he could

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be with his comrades. The O'Rahilly, head of his clan, and himself—why should we deny it?—a very gallant gentleman, fell at the head of his men while leading a charge up More Street. A paper was afterwards found in the O'Rahilly's pocket, a Proclamation by James Connolly, Commandant-General, Dublin Reserve, to his soldiers. It was written on Friday, written to revive the courage of his men.

Connolly admitted that they were hemmed in at the Post Office, "hemmed in, because the enemy believe that within the building is to be found the heart and inspiration of our great movement." He told what the commandants were doing elsewhere. He uttered the usual sneers against the British soldiers. "The British Army . . . are afraid to advance to attack or storm any positions held by our forces. The slaughter they suffered in the first few days has unnerved them and they dared not attempt again an infantry attack upon our positions."

"Courage, boys!" Connolly concluded. "We are winning, and in the hour of our victory let us not forget the splendid women who have everywhere stood by us and cheered us on. Never had man or woman a grander cause. Never was a cause more grandly served."

But fine words, heroic sentiments, and individual courage could not save the situation.

By Saturday afternoon it became evident that the rebels around the General Post Office could not hold out much longer. Earlier in the week, when they could move about more freely, they had sent for priests to give them the consolations of religion, for many were very religious men. Priests now used their influence with the leaders to persuade them to surrender. Efforts were put forth to induce the military authorities to grant terms. The authorities replied that nothing but unconditional surrender would

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be accepted. At four o'clock that afternoon P. E. Pearse signed a declaration admitting defeat and calling on his followers to surrender to save further unnecessary bloodshed.

The rebels at the Four Courts under Commandant Daly put up a very stubborn fight. They had, as already stated, occupied a number of strategic points around. Earlier in the week they ventured out from the Four Courts in the direction of the Linen Hall Barracks, which they occupied, and which was subsequently destroyed, and it was they who put up so fierce a resistance in King Street. Gradually the military took section after section of their outposts and drove them in. They were finally completely penned up, for any attempt to move in the open brought heavy fire from the surrounding troops. Here, again, the influence of the Catholic clergy was called in with great effect, and Daly, learning what had happened at the General Post Office, made his surrender, with a generous request that the punishment for what had taken place might fall on himself and not on his followers.

At Jacob's Factory the rebels were in a similar plight. It was difficult to attack them without destroying valuable property. They could do nothing save fire along deserted streets. They kept in touch with the Carmelite church near by. Father McCabe, the prior, went to see them, and lectured them on the folly of their course. "Can a fly fight an elephant?" he asked. The rebels argued warmly with him, and in the excitement of the argument one rebel upset a quantity of flour over the prior, turning him in appearance into a miller.

On his first visit Father McCabe could do nothing. But on Sunday a representative of the Church entered the works again and told the people that if they did not surrender by four o'clock that afternoon the artillery would open

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fire on them. Learning what had happened elsewhere they saw that there was nothing to do but to yield. In the hour or two of grace that was granted to them many of the rebels slunk away, stripped themselves of their uniforms, obtained civilian clothes, and hid among their friends. It is said that when the military came there were only four rebels there. If this is right, which is denied, they had doubtless reckoned on this, and thought that they had done well in getting the rebels out in any way.

One of the most dramatic scenes was when the party under the Countess Markiewicz, which had fought for days, first in St. Stephen's Green and then in the College of Surgeons, was induced to yield. The Countess, melodramatic to the last, kissed her revolver before she handed it over to an officer.

The fighting in the city was by no means all over yet. Boland's Mill, strongly held by the rebels under Commandant Delavera, had been captured after heavy gunfire. The rebels here, one of the most desperate and best organized groups of all, fell back and refused to recognize Pearse's surrender, and fought around Merrion Square for days. But since the General Post Office, the Four Courts, and the College of Surgeons parties had yielded, the rebellion was virtually over so far as Dublin was concerned, and what was left was little more than police work.

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VI

SUNDAY EVENING

I insert here one's impressions, written at the time, and bearing evidence of what may now seem excessive feeling. Those who think this will perhaps remember that this chapter was written in hot blood; it is being read by them probably in cold blood.

DUBLIN, *Sunday evening.*

Ireland's week of madness is drawing to a close. Dublin, its streets deserted save for soldiers, waits in darkness—a darkness lit by the expiring fires of burning buildings—wondering what will happen next.

The worst is over. We know that! This afternoon people peered from their doorways again, many of them for the first time for many days. Starving folk in poor streets who for days had remained huddled hungrily in cellars, not daring to look up, now crawled out to ask their neighbours for food. The racking, overpowering din of the artillery has ceased. There is still some sniping and still some fighting, but nothing to twenty-four hours ago.

A few hours back I witnessed a pretty little fight across the river, when the soldiers of an Irish regiment, crouching behind an entrenchment of beer barrels on the North Quay, fought against some rebel snipers in the Gasworks opposite. Our boys had a machine-gun. After a time a gunboat came up the river and aided us with its quick-firing Nordenfelt. For a brief space, as I stood behind the barrels, I could have imagined that I was sharing in a hot skirmish

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such as took place in Belgium in the early days of the war. The rebels had the advantage over us. They knew where we were, as the bullets whistling overhead showed. We could only guess from which part their fire was coming. But in the end they were silenced.

You cannot walk the streets without a military pass. Even with proper credentials you are pulled up at every turn. This afternoon some sentries, not quite satisfied about me, took me before their Captain, who sat at the street corner administering quick justice. The Captain, a grey-haired, active-looking soldier, saw from my pass that I was a Canadian. All military stiffness at once vanished. "Canada has done very well in this war, sir," said he, as he replied to my salute. Walking abroad has abundant excitements, particularly when dusk comes on. As I was passing Dublin Castle this evening a corporal pounced on me. He quickly examined my papers. "If you are going down the street you must hurry," said he. "Two men were shot there five minutes ago by snipers." A little later I was walking across O'Connell Bridge. "Get along as fast as you can," the sentry urged. "It's not healthy here." The sound of snipers' bullets showed that he was right. A few minutes later as my companion and myself were walking in single file along one rather exposed spot a bullet nearly got home. But a miss is as good as a mile, particularly in Dublin in these days.

You know Dublin, the city of soft skies and mild air, the city of beautiful women whose laughing eyes and wonderful complexions are equalled nowhere in the world, the city that boasts the finest street in Europe—save perhaps Waverley Street—the laughing, tragic, merry, mournful capital of Erin.

Think of Dublin as it was. Look at Dublin as it is! Centre after centre in the city is to-night a ruin. Hundreds

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of buildings are totally wrecked, as totally wrecked as anything Ypres or Louvain has to show. The lowering fires still burn in many of them to-night, lowering fires that in some cases are finally consuming the bodies of the men who fell there. Scores of houses are hiding their dead, the dead lying stark on the roofs, the dead fearfully put away under sheets, or being buried in cellars, with the evidence of rebellion on them, and with crooning wives and terrorised children fearing to proclaim their grief lest the husband's and father's crime should be shouted aloud.

There are fully a thousand prisoners to-night. As many more are hiding among their friends, having torn the rebel uniform from their backs and tried to rub out from their fingers powder stains from their fighting. Some of them are digging holes in their gardens in the darkness to bury away the tell-tale rifles and green uniforms. Others are lying worn and fearful, while pale-faced wives are tearing the green livery of treason into strips and shoving it strip by strip into the flames.

This is Dublin! Good God, Dublin! I came with curses in my heart upon it, curses for the city that had turned traitor to King and Empire in the hour of vital need. I pause to-night not with curses but with grief, for I have seen among the people of one's own race and kin what this thing means. If Dublin did great wrong—as assuredly she did—she is reaping to the full to-night the harvest.

It is not the prisoners in the hands of the military whom I pity most. They are still carried forward, many of them, by a spirit of high exaltation and fanaticism—mad fanaticism if you will. They know that they can at least depend upon fair treatment. I saw sentries this afternoon giving their own cigarettes to snipers they had caught, cigarettes to the men who an hour before had been secretly trying

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to pump death into them! It is not the prisoners but the tens of thousands of innocent folk brought to ruin, the scores of thousands of working-class families who but for doles of food served out to them by the military would be now starving, the thousands of heart-broken mourning families who have lost their nearest and dearest. I mourn for them.

I saw two lots of prisoners to-day. The contrast between them was amazing. The first were all in civilian clothes, looters and snipers, caught red-handed with their weapons on them. They were nearly all corner boys and larrikins of a very poor type. One lad had the pupils of his eyes amazingly contracted from sheer terror, showing great white rings such as I have never seen before. Several youths of fifteen or sixteen appeared to look on the thing as a very entertaining episode. One was making grotesque faces in sheer bravado. A man outside was trying to communicate with some of the prisoners. Almost before he could speak an officer had ordered a soldier out and the man from outside had joined them, a prisoner like themselves. The first group of prisoners gave me a feeling almost of contempt.

The impression conveyed by the second group was very different. As I was passing through a street near the Castle cheer after cheer could be heard. I looked ahead. A regiment was approaching. People were leaning from their windows waving triangular flags and handkerchiefs. "They are cheering the soldiers," I said to my companion. On came the soldiers, marching very quickly, as soldiers have a way of doing when they are liable to be sniped from any point. The advance guard with fixed bayonets sharply ordered everyone back on the side walks. As the main body approached I could see that the soldiers were escorting a large number of prisoners, men and women,

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several hundreds in all. The people were cheering not the soldiers but the rebels.

The prisoners were mostly in green uniform. Many of them were wearing slouch caps, others were wearing peaked caps like those of the British Army. They walked in military formation, and they were singing together loudly, truimphantly, a rebel song. There was a smile on every face. They were not going to show us that they were down-hearted. Tears and grief might come on the morrow, but to-night they would keep a brave front. Some of them carried small bags or boxes. First came a large company of men, then a smaller company of girls in long green dresses, and again a large company of men. Around them, on either side, in front and behind, were the soldiers with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets.

The girls were the most cheerful of all. These were the women's company of cooks and Red Cross nurses who looked after the comfort of the men. "An' begob! they didn't mind taking a shot themselves when they got the chance," one man whispered to me. The prisoners displayed few signs of the heavy fighting they must have gone through. They marched by with heads up, swinging along—swaggering would be the better word. Now the cheers grew louder still. They looked up at the womenfolk hanging from the window, smiling back the greetings and the blessings showered on them.

I spoke to a little group of men and women at the street corner. "Shure, we cheer them," said one woman. "Why shouldn't we? Aren't they our own flesh and blood?" One man in the group wanted to know who I was that I should interfere. "Leave the gintleman alone," pleaded one woman, evidently a peacemaker. "Haven't we all a right to our own opinions!" But oddly enough, unexplainably enough, I too felt, as I saw these lads and girls marching

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by, that much as I hated their cause, madly as I thought they had done, I too could take off my hat to them for their brave bearing in the hour of humiliation. Very stupid and very illogical I suppose, but somehow the atmosphere of Dublin scatters logic to the winds.

The rebellion is dying. From every point news has been coming in of surrenders. The last two centres of rebellion, the Union and Jacob's Factory, have fallen. The Countess Markiewicz, the Red Angel of the revolution, gave herself up to-day with the group who have been holding the College of Surgeons. She was dressed in man's uniform with riding-breeches and green coat. She bore herself proudly. She has done harm enough. Were she a man her shrift would be a short one. As she is a woman—well, happily for her, women's rights do not prevail so far as to make women endure the same punishment for the same political offences as men.

I saw a few trophies in North Quay Station, gathered during the fighting. On the wall hung a copy of the Proclamation of the Irish Republic. Men said that it was the only copy left out of official hands, and that it was already valued—such is the amazingly varied aspects of a time like this—at £250. An odd commentary on the last clause of the Proclamation, "We pray that no one who serves this cause will dishonour it by . . . inhumanity," was found in the collection of the rebels' weapons. The guns were of a very varied type, from Mauser sporting rifles to first-class automatic pistols. The ammunition was, much of it, unspeakably barbaric. Here were a large number of sporting cartridges charged with ugly big slugs, rough-edged slugs that when they entered a man's body would tear his flesh and make hideous wounds. Still worse were the heavy sporting cartridges with heavy flat-nosed bullets of the type used against the biggest game.

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Let one of these strike a man and it would mushroom itself out. In ordinary war any soldier found carrying ammunition such as this is shot immediately without the formality of a trial. It is enough for it to be found in his possession when he is captured for him to be at once sent to a dishonourable death. Shame on the men who employed it here!

Here were some uniforms. One of them looked more suitable for a fancy-dress ball than for grim tragedy. It was a cut-away green coat with a black cocked hat. One belt had on it, "God save Ireland." It was a relic from the Fenian days.

This afternoon I walked past Liberty Hall. Forty-three percussion shrapnel shells had left nothing of it but a ruin. The whole group of tenement streets had been carefully barricaded. One never saw such barricades before. Bolsters and mattresses, feather beds and chests of drawers, empty boxes and barrels were all piled together. Some of these barricades would have given little more shelter against modern bullets than if they had been made of tissue paper. A few, however, were quite well done.

By sheer accident I found myself in Sackville Street, yesterday the finest street in Europe. For half its length and far behind it on either side it was almost a complete ruin. From O'Connell Bridge to the south side of Earl Street every house was either little but a mass of charred wall or had fallen to the ground. Two dead horses lay in the centre of the street, one of them perhaps the horse of the young Lancer officer who was murdered in cold blood by a rebel sniper in the Post Office on Monday, when fighting first broke out.

The grim ruins of the General Post Office were a mere shell. Roofless, with twisted and torn iron girders and colonnades, with the floor a mass of burning rubbish, this

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had been a centre of some of the heaviest fighting of the rebellion. The big jeweller's at the corner was a heap and no more. "A quarter of a million's worth of gold lies under that rubbish," said a friendly sentry, with pardonable exaggeration. The remnants of the walls of the Imperial Hotel were lit up by gas burning from the main within. The Hotel Metropole opposite was equally destroyed. Half a dozen fires were burning in the ruins.

I have seen ruined cities before in plenty—the cities of Belgium and Northern France, wrecked in this war—but this was different. It was the heart of one of our own great cities, wrecked by the work of our own people.

The solitude, the sight of the dead horses, the smouldering houses, the silence, broken by the occasional sound of snipers' bullets—! Do you wonder that even in this hour of victory there is no feeling of exaltation at one's heart, no feeling of anything but of grief for Ireland!

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VII

THE PROVINCES FAIL TO RESPOND

The rebel leaders expected that the south and west of Ireland would rise and help them. Rural Ireland had been for generations traditionally ready for a scrap against the Government. If the 3000 rebels in Dublin could hold up the city, surely 13,000 Sinn Feiners in the country could hold up all Ireland.

The provinces failed to respond. There were a few attempts, a few successful ambuscades, a revolt in a country town or two, and a certain amount of mere murder disguised under the name of patriotism. Much of it was more like play than reality. Rural Ireland as a whole remained steady. Why was this? I put it down to three things. First, rural Ireland was prosperous, thanks to the enlightened and generous British legislation of the previous twenty years. Next the Royal Irish Constabulary were much more awake to the situation than was Dublin Castle, and they had taken steps in several districts which made it impossible for the most active groups to do anything. Last, but by no means least, the feeling of genuine loyalty to Empire had grown. The Sinn Feiners were only a part, and a small part, of the population. The dominant loyal party, the Nationalists, regarded the Sinn Feiners in much the same light as the prosperous grocer in a cathedral city regards the Radical cobbler living down a back street.

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Perhaps the greatest disappointment came from Cork, which had been the centre of much agitation. The small band of rebels here were armed and ready for action. They were to rise as soon as Dublin rose. But the police were ready and the public were against them. The Lord Mayor of the city and the Roman Catholic Bishop visited them and urged them to lay down their arms. When pleading failed, the Bishop threatened them with the wrath of the Church. Now you cannot make a revolution by staying in a house and talking of what you are going to do. The Cork revolutionists were snuffed out.

If the rebels had reason to hope for support from anywhere, it was surely from County Galway and County Clare. Here was the very heart of the old agrarian wars, the land of the "Moonlighters," the shelter of the Invincibles, and the traditional home of revolt. But in the days when County Galway and County Clare were "agin the Government" they were centres of landlordism at its worst. To-day they are centres of enlightened rural administration. Old traditions die hard. The Sinn Fein backed by some Catholic clergy, did its best to revive the revolutionary spirit. The amount and quality of the support it received is the best proof of the genuine failure of the separatists to win rural Ireland.

Captain Mellows, a prominent Sinn Fein organizer, had shortly before been expelled from Ireland, under the Defence of the Realm Act. He had promptly returned, disguised as a priest, and had remained. On Easter Monday a number of people, mainly young peasants and lads from Athenry and Galway City, but including also many women and a sprinkling of professional men, assembled around Athenry. Monday was spent in getting ready. On Tuesday night a large party, estimated at seven or eight hundred, armed with every variety of

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weapons from magazine rifles to pikes, assembled outside Athenry Town Hall, occupied it, and declared the Republic.

It was the original intention of the rebels to capture Galway City, and they set out, an amazing procession, from Athenry for there. They paused and spent a night at the Agricultural Department's Experimental Farm outside the town.

Captain Mellow was accompanied by a priest, who skilfully played on the deepest emotions of these Irish peasant lads. Only a few of the officers were in uniform. Strict discipline was maintained. The girls acted as cooks, as in Dublin. One section of the rebels moved out to capture Galway City. The men of the place, backed by people coming in from the country, hastily armed to help the authorities and defend themselves. The road from Athenry to Galway lies close to the coast. As the rebels marched along a gunboat lying in the bay opened fire on them. A few shells sent them scurrying back to Oranmore, and from Oranmore to Myode Park, which they occupied. Galway City was saved.

At Oranmore, a police sergeant, Healy by name, backed by four constables, held a house against the rebel army. The police from Galway City did splendidly, but the most they could attempt until reinforcements arrived was to protect one or two main points and to keep the rebels active. A constable was shot at short range at Carnmore, a man firing a charge of No. 3 shot at his head almost point-blank as he stepped from a motor.

On Friday the Sherwood Foresters arrived, with artillery and with heavy reinforcements of police. When the approach of soldiers was notified to the rebel leader by his scouts he at once moved off. The rebel army had already greatly diminished in numbers, many of the country lads

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returning home after the first few hours of excitement. Priests came and warned them that they were surrounded by police and advised them to surrender. Most of the rebels now tried to get away. Some fled to the hills, some crept back to their farms, and several groups gave themselves up. The rest was police work, and people suspected of taking part in the rising were soon afterwards arrested in their homes in very large numbers.

Enniscorthy was one of the provincial centres of revolution. The rebels seized the town, took possession of the railway station, and did a certain amount of destruction there. They entrenched themselves between Enniscorthy and Ferns and prepared for fighting. Meanwhile the military authorities at Dublin hastily improvised an armoured train, and sent this out with some troops against them. Before real fighting could take place the Dublin leaders surrendered. The Enniscorthy rebels were told what had happened, and the folly of keeping on was urged on them. They at first refused to believe the news. Two of their leaders were taken to Dublin and shown for themselves. Then they gave in. So ended the Enniscorthy rising.

One of the most regrettable incidents in the provinces occurred outside Ashbourne, in County Meath, on the borders of County Dublin. A party of four hundred rebels had gone from County Dublin in the direction of County Meath for the purpose of promoting an uprising in the country. They seized some police-stations, including Ashbourne. When news of this reached the Police District Headquarters at Naven, fifty policemen were at once sent off, under a county inspector and the district inspector, by motor. It was their intention to leave the cars a short way from Ashbourne and to advance on foot. The rebels, however, had anticipated this and had prepared an ambuscade a little way along the road. As the police were

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driving beyond Kilmoon a volley was poured into them from sheltered parts around, killing and wounding several. The police hastily dismounted. Someone called on the inspector to surrender. He replied by giving his men orders to fire. The police took what shelter they could, but they were in a terribly exposed position and were hemmed in on all sides. A fight followed, lasting several hours, with the rebels drawing closer and closer. In the end, after they had fired their last cartridges, the police had to surrender. The casualties were numerous. The district inspector, two sergeants, and four constables had been killed, and the county inspector and seventeen constables had been wounded. The rebels took away the arms of the police, but treated them well. They told the police they were sorry they had to fight them, but they should not have tried to interfere with the soldiers of the Irish Republic. They allowed the wounded to go back by motor-car to Meath Infirmary and the unwounded men were set free.

In a number of places there were sporadic outbreaks, accompanied by a certain amount of sniping of soldiers and police. The constabulary and the military moved throughout parts of the country in flying columns, arresting leaders of the Sinn Fein movement and stamping out the first beginnings of revolt. In some cases, notably at Wexford, they were assisted by the National Volunteers. The North Irish Horse moved through Tyrone, and armoured cars sent out from Dublin scoured the country. A certain amount of the uprising is best typified by a few lads in one country district who went to an old castle, hoisted a green flag, and stood guard over it all the day. Next day they returned and hoisted it again. At the end of the second day they thought that since nothing had happened they might as well give it up, and they gave it up.

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No one denies the situation in rural Ireland contained in Easter week many elements of very grave peril. Had the rebels succeeded in Dublin, there is little doubt that large numbers of people in the south and the west would have gone with them. Happily this was avoided.

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VIII

AND THEN ?

SHE was a mother of the Dublin slums, as dirty and as ragged as any I have seen. She was standing in front of the City Hall, frantic with rage and with grief, grief which it was easy to see she had tried to drown in liberal doses of whisky. She was cursing the soldiers who stood gazing quietly at her from the barriers of the City Hall. Every possible wrath, every possible ill was heaped on them by her Irish tongue. She shrieked that she would follow any soldier she could find in uniform, follow him till she could put a knife in him. "Would ye kill me!" she shrieked. "Kill me! Ye can only make me fall, as ye made me son fall." And she threw her arms up in the air with a sharp jerk and half dropped on the ground in the manner of a man who has been shot. "Kill me!" she shrieked again. "You have taken all I have. Murther me and let me join him!"

"Come away, mother," a young girl urged, pulling her skirt.

"Lave me alone," she snarled back, and then she turned again to the soldiers with a fresh string of curses. She was not the only one of her kind.

There was black crape on many doors in the back streets of Dublin now. The undertakers and grave-diggers, working day and night, could not keep pace with the demands on them. No leisurely funerals for the fallen to-day, with slow procession and solemn ceremony. The under-

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takers' carts had to go at a trot with their burdens in order that they might be back the quicker for the next lot. At Glasnevin Cemetery they told me, they put the corpses, twelve at a time, in the graves, sometimes coffinless. In the wrecked buildings, as soon as the fires had cooled, they searched for the remains of the dead. Many would never be found. All traces of them had gone. Of others, they could find little more than the fragments.

In searching the houses they came across the bodies of those who had fallen, shot while sniping, fallen sometimes while fighting a lone hand, away from their friends and comrades, and had died slowly in helpless misery, alone. Sometimes there were more than one. They found six in one house and four in another.

I went down some of the back streets. Here and there people cursed me openly, frankly, and cursed all like me, strangers in their city. I paused in the early morning hours in front of one door. A friendly policeman was passing. He himself had been imprisoned for three days and a half by the Sinn Feiners, but he bore them no ill-will. The crape was on the door, and the policeman told me the story of Patrick D——, "a dacent man," the father of the house, who was dead. There had been a hard fight in the street close by; the block of ruined and burned houses showed that. Pat and a friend had gone in the corner public-house. I fancy that Pat had had a little too much to drink. The soldiers were clearing the streets. They told him to go, but he and another good lad sat and drank. They were not Sinn Feiners, but they were muddled and in a fighting mood, and the troops now being sniped at from the houses all around came on them again. Again they ordered them to go; again the two remained. They did not have another chance.

Patrick was the father of eight children, and as the

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policeman was telling me the story four or five of them came down from the floor above—fat, jolly little kids. They gazed at me, solemn-eyed, wondering. I looked at their chubby faces. They were clean and wholesome youngsters, and I thought of another house, over the water, where other boys just their size were waiting that morning for their father. . . .

Dublin was reaping its harvest, reaping it to the full! The rebellion was over, save for a few dying kicks, sniping around Ringsend and isolated conflicts in the country. People were beginning to reckon up the cost. The official estimate of damage to property was £2,500,000, probably an underestimate. Over five hundred soldiers and police had been killed or wounded. The killed and severely wounded among the civilians certainly ran to many hundreds. I myself estimated the figure at the time at close on one thousand. The official estimates are, I am aware, much less, but I have yet found little reason to alter my original figure. The Field Courts Martial were now at work. The first lists gave the names of fourteen executed, including the signatories to the Declaration of Independence and various commandants. The Countess Markiewicz had been sent to penal servitude for life. Sixty others had also gone to penal servitude for different terms. But the prisoners yet to be tried were numbered by the thousand.

I have read many accounts of public feeling in Dublin in these days. They are all agreed that the open and strong sympathy of the mass of the population was with the British troops. That this was so in the better parts of the city, I have no doubt, but certainly what I myself saw in the poorer districts did not confirm this. It rather indicated that there was a vast amount of sympathy with the rebels, particularly after the rebels were defeated. The sentences

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of the Courts Martial deepened this sympathy. To some extent it would have been strange had it not been so. "Shure, and aren't they our own flesh and blood!" the Irishwoman's answer to me when I asked her why she cheered the rebel prisoners, tells a great deal.

I for one am strongly convinced that the British Government would have been well advised to exercise much greater leniency towards the rebel leaders. From a military point of view these men undoubtedly deserved death, and a court martial could do nothing else but sentence them to death. A commander placed like General Sir John Maxwell was virtually compelled, dealing with this matter from a military standpoint, to confirm such sentences. For him the main consideration had to be the immediate pacification of the country, and this might well be aided by making an example of the leaders. Whatever criticism there is to be passed upon the policy of executions does not fall upon the army.

But the Government in throwing the whole responsibility and decision on Sir John Maxwell and the Army was transferring what was essentially its sole responsibility on others. There was an opportunity for supreme statesmanship. Unfortunately statesmanship for the moment stayed its hand. And it was not until some days later, when Mr. Asquith crossed the water and took direct part in laying the foundations of a settlement, that statesmanship took up its task. During those days our great opportunity passed.

Executions and imprisonments do not solve the problem of Ireland. These rebels represented a minority, a small minority, of their countrymen. Against their mad daring in the streets of Dublin we have to show the splendid valour of the Irish regiments fighting in this war for the Crown. But the pity of it that there should be a minority,

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and a minority made of material in many ways so fine as this was !

Until we have found the way of enlisting this enthusiasm and daring wholly on the side of Ireland and Empire we have failed. Canada has solved the problem of her rebels ; Australia has almost forgotten that in the old days in the gold-fields there were rebels there ; South Africa is rapidly breaking down the remnants of disaffection among the Boers. Cannot Britain do the same in Ireland ?

I believe that she can. And I am confident that she will.

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APPENDIX I

THE SINN FEIN CONSTITUTION

"THE object of the Sinn Fein is the re-establishment of the independence of Ireland.

"The aim of the Sinn Fein policy is to unite Ireland on this broad national platform. 1st: That we are a distinct nation. 2nd: That we will not make any voluntary agreement with Great Britain until Great Britain keeps her own compact which she made by the Renunciation Act of 1783, which included 'that the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by His Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom is hereby declared to be established and ascertained forever, and shall at no time hereafter, be questioned or questionable.' 3rd: That we are determined to make use of any power we have, or may have, at any time in the future to work for our own advancement and for the creation of a prosperous, virile, and independent nation.

"That the people of Ireland are a free people, and that no law made without their authority or consent is, or ever can be, binding on their conscience.

"That the General Council of County Councils presents a nucleus of a national authority, and we urge upon it to extend the scope of its deliberation and action, to take within its purview every question of national interest, and to formulate lines of procedure for the nation.

"That national self-development through the recognition of the duties and rights of citizenship on the part of the individual and by the aid and support of all movements originating from within Ireland, instinct with national tradition and not looking outside Ireland for the accomplishment of their aims, is vital to Ireland."

The Sinn Fein has been formed to re-establish a national Government in Ireland, and, pending its establishment, advance that object by :—

I. The introduction of a protective system for Irish industries and commerce by combined action of the Irish County

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Councils, Urban Councils, Rural Councils, Poor Law Boards, Harbour Boards, and other bodies directly responsible to the Irish people.

II. The establishment and maintenance under the direction of the General Council of County Councils or other authority approved by the people of Ireland of an Irish Consular Service for the advancement of Irish commerce and Irish interests generally.

III. The re-establishment of an Irish Mercantile Marine to facilitate direct trading between Ireland and the countries of continental Europe, America, Africa, and the Far East.

IV. The general survey of Ireland and the development of its mineral resources, under the auspices of the General Council of County Councils or other national authorities approved by the people of Ireland.

V. The establishment of an Irish National Bank and a National Stock Exchange under charter from the General Council of County Councils.

VI. The creation of a National Civil Service embracing all the employees of the County Councils, Rural Councils, Poor Law Boards, Harbour Boards, and other bodies responsible to the Irish people, by the institution of a common national qualifying examination and a legal competitive examination (the latter at the discretion of the local bodies).

VII. The establishment of national arbitration for the speedy and satisfactory adjustment of disputes.

VIII. The establishment of a national system of insurance of property and individuals.

IX. The control and management of transit by rail, road, and water, and the control and management of waste lands for the national benefit by a national authority approved by the people of Ireland.

X. The control and management of the Irish Sea fisheries by the General Council of County Councils or other national authority approved by the people of Ireland.

XI. The reform of education to render its basis national and industrial by the compulsory teaching of the Irish language, Irish history, and Irish manufacturing and agricultural potentialities in the primary system, and in addition, in the university system, the institution of degrees of Doctor of Agriculture and Doctor of National Economics.

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XII. The non-consumption, so far as practicable, of liquors paying duty to the British Exchequer.

XIII. The withdrawal of all voluntary support to the British armed forces.

XIV. The non-recognition of the British Parliament as invested with constitutional or moral authority to legislate for Ireland, and the annual assembly in Dublin of persons elected by the voters of the Irish cities and Counties and delegates from the County Boroughs, Urban and Rural Councils, and Poor Law and Harbour Boards to advise and formulate measures for the benefit of the whole people of Ireland.

XV. The abolition of the poor-house system and the substitution in its stead of adequate out-door relief to the aged and the infirm, and the employment of the able-bodied in the reclaiming of waste land, afforestation, and other national and reproductive works.

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APPENDIX II

THE IRISH PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE

POBLACHT NA H EIREANN

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND

IRISHMEN and Irishwomen, in the name of God and the dead generations from which she receives her old traditions of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom. Having organized and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organization, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organization, the Irish volunteers, and the Irish citizen army having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and the unfettered control of Irish destinies to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and Government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty; six times during the past 300 years have they asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right, and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a sovereign independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades in arms to the cause of its army, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic

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guarantees religious and civil property, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally and obliviously to the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent national Government representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women the provisional Government here constituted will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people. We place the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose Blessing we invoke on our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must by its valour and discipline, and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Government :—

THOMAS J. CLARKE.

SEAN MACDERMOTT.	THOMAS MACDONAGH.
P. H. PEARSE.	EAMORNE CEANNT.
JAMES CONNOLLY.	JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

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